

The PQ's  
plan unfolds

# Maclean's

NOVEMBER 12, 1979

75¢

## THE ENERGY CRISIS

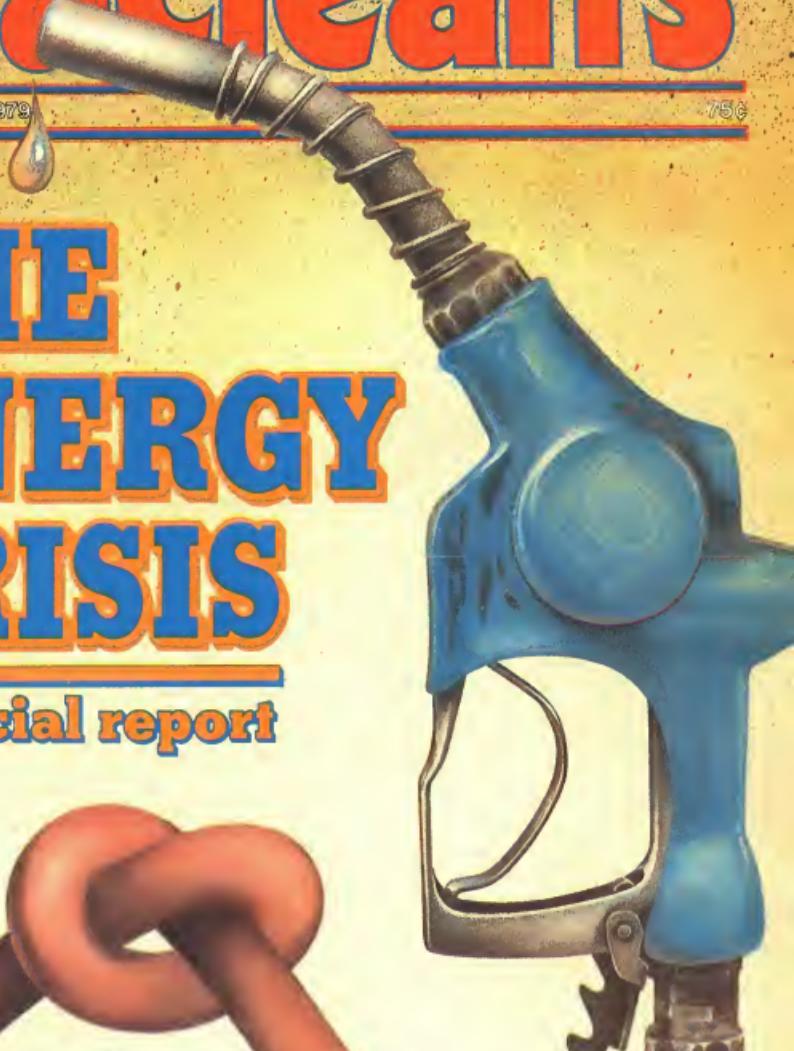
A special report



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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

NOVEMBER 12, 1979

卷 92 号 46

• Martin in Wonderland

Claude Morin, architect of the PQ's gradualism policy, is now charged with formulating the Quebec referendum's key question—a concept that has also preoccupied **Étienne**

Front

La bella donna

Renaming a street! La Vie Sogno. Torontonians paid homage last week to Sophia Loren who, during her whitewand book tour, had a happy reunion with Richard Burton. **Page 42**

Page 5

COMEN STOM

#### **The answer is:**

With Canada using more energy per capita than any other country, the energy crisis will affect us most. A second memorandum seen by MacLean's reveals that a gallon of fuel will cost twice as much in 1975 as it did in 1973. More significantly, the shortage may spark a crisis of contemplation as the provinces battle for their share. MacLean's second energy report examines the causes and ramifications of the problems. **Page 25**

### An older culture

The King Tut exhibit is the most commercially successful museum show in history. It came to Canada with the expense of acquiring the Art Gallery of Ontario's ownership.

#### **Source notes on the maps**

In pursuit of personal freedom Sudbury's Rustinetti family set sail on a seven-year globe-trotting voyage encountering shipwrecks, a murder and perhaps a star. **Page 52**

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**AIR CANADA**

## Editorial

# Why we must change our energy tune or face the fatal consequences of a new Ice Age



By Peter C. Newman

This issue of *Maclean's* features a special report on the energy crisis or, more precisely, the oil pinch, which threatens to change all our habits and habitats. Canada's predicament is simple to define: as domestic oil production declines (by 5.6 per cent a year) and consumption continues to increase (by at least 1.7 per cent annually) our imports of expensive (and oil) will increase by 50 per cent during the 1980s.

Arab oil prices have ballooned by 418 per cent since 1973. Not only has the oil cartel's original objective of putting a floor on oil prices not worked, its less militant members are unable to enforce any ceiling (as the Arab states have discovered that it is possible to command premium prices by reducing output). Much of the world's petroleum is now being traded in the "spot markets" of Rotterdam, Singapore and London where recent prices of crude have climbed past the \$40-a-barrel (U.S.) range.

What this means for world trade is that for the first time since 1929 the international monetary system is seriously threatened. Oil has, in effect, become the gold standard of international currencies, dragging up the prices of other commodities and drastically reducing the purchasing power of paper money. That's why even Gerald Brousseau's Draconian lending rules will not

prevent Canada from plunging back into double-digit inflation.

The only way to reverse this self-destruction of the economy is to change our lifestyles enough so that we begin using more sources of energy not based on petroleum products. In the search for solutions we may have to look at a plethora of possibilities (or alternatives), some of which are outlined on the following pages: rapidly accelerating conversion of more home heating units to gas from oil, cutting off oil and gas to the far-eastern provinces, U.S.A., pursuing the electrification of railroads on intercity routes, pushing our companies to mass-produce electric cars, increasing Canadians with the need to save energy with the same ease they apply to saving money.

Canada is fortunate enough to possess almost unlimted sources of alternate conventional energy. Our uranium and coal and tar-sand reserves have hardly been touched. We retain an untrapped fortune in hydroelectric potential, as illustrated by last month's official opening of the 5,228-megawatt 16-2 portion of the James Bay Development.

What makes our energy situation more precarious than that of most other countries is that in many parts of the world people would be uncomfortable if their heating fuel were to be cut off. We would freeze to death.

## Maclean's

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Books Columnist

Books Reviews

## If prostitution is the world's oldest calling, fighting it is the most futile

By Rita Christopher

If prostitution is the world's oldest profession, working to stamp it out must be the second oldest. Undaunted by the historic lack of success in eliminating sex-for-sale, New York Mayor Edward Koch has come up with an appropriately 20th-century way to combat

the problem, one that can cope with the problem. One reason is that even as middle-class residents clamor for a crackdown on prostitutes, the law enforcement establishment is headed in the opposite direction. Given New York's over-all crime picture, arrests for prostitution are low-priority items. And when arrested, the women (many of whom are

claimed "The streets belong to people and the people include transvestites."

Feminists, on the other hand, rallied behind the prostitutes' complaint that they are merely working girls harassed by the police, quite obviously because of their sex. The feminists not only defend the prostitutes' right to ply their trade without legal harassment, but also provided much of the force behind New York's new ordinance John law. "Why punish women for men's lust?" argued the adamant women's group.

In truth, despite the present furore over



the problem—the media blitz, the mayor is the guiding genius behind New York's most talked-about new radio program—the *John Hour*, "John" being slang for a prostitute's customer. With Koch's prodding, the city-owned radio station WNYC recently signed up its hourly news broadcasts by reading the names of nine men convicted of patronizing prostitutes—and were broadcasts have been pleased. "We're not allowed to put people in the media anymore," said an appropriately perturbed Koch, "so I'm going to focus attention by putting their names in *stasia*" (page 29), New York state law and provided for the arrest not only of prostitutes, but of their clients too.)

No one denies the scope of New York's prostitution problem or the agreeableness of its ladies of the evening, many of whom use sex as a career-in-the-music and stage entertainers. In addition, in recent years prostitutes have demanded, but from Times Square's sketchy red-light to far more stable neighborhoods where decent residents have demanded police action to clean up their streets. Still, it is highly questionable whether the *John Hour*, or any other

teen-age runaway) spend only one night in jail, emerging to work the streets as soon as their terms have made half.

More discouraging to policemen who take the trouble to sweep the streets with paddy-wagon raids is the reluctance of judges to hand down stiff sentences than end in conviction. Ranging a two-week revolving jail for ladies of the night hardly seems worth the effort to some officials. In addition, the cases often bring heated arguments from feminist and the Libertarian groups who have adopted the cause of prostitutes as a "right to work" issue.

The American Civil Liberties Union, which habitually argues from abstract principle rather than from practical wants to decriminalize all prostitution nationwide. This has led to such patent absurdities as the New York branch of the organization defending the right of transvestite prostitutes to terrorize a city subsidized, middle-income housing project designed to revitalize the Times Square area. Despite the obvious hazards of sex-for-sex with skirts and stockings, an ACLU spokesman pro-

Ladies of the night in New York City: a *Media Blitz* designed to turn the trick

the *John Hour*, few men have actually been punished. Since the inception of New York state's law two years ago, only 400 Johns have been convicted. In keeping with its policy, the New York affiliate of the ACLU is threatening to sue the city over the *John Hour*, claiming, in the words of spokesman Gara LaMarche, that "the mayor's adding his own personal set of guidelines to that of the judicial system."

Whether or not the courts finally decide that the *John Hour* is a perversion appropriate to the times, it remains startlingly obvious that something has to be done. Ironically, suggested every imaginable form of social control. Maria Cosenza, Koch's opponent in the mayoralty election and now lieutenant-governor of New York state, unquestionably had the most realistic perspective on the problem when he noted: "On the walls of Egyptian tombs in hieroglyphics are recorded the names and addresses of prostitutes. There are some problems that government is not designed to handle."

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**Amaretto di Saronno. The Original.**

By David Thomas

**C**laude Morin is sure of the answer: it's the question that's blowing in the wind. Sometimes, at night, in the seclusion of his suburban bungalow, Morin scribbles out trial questions, piecing words to come up with just the right combination that will elicit the YES he is so certain of winning from the people of Quebec. "I wish I had anyone asking for a question written by me," Morin says. "It doesn't exist—! Immediately burn the paper in my fireplace."

So is the source of the referendum question in fact—as most observers suspect—hidden in the government's white paper on sovereignty-secession? In-

stead, it's diffused in the smoke that rises from Morin's chimney and drifts over Quebec City's suburb of St. Foy, where a sprawling patch of residential streets is bisected by expressways and spattered by uncountable shopping centres. This is the territory prided by both sides of the house of Quebec's mainstream, the middle-class professionals and bourgeoisie who longer their desire for a stronger, prouder Quebec with a strong dose of the jealousy that comes with 460,000 mortgages, two cars and a driveway that needs repairing.

Claude Morin is the kind of neighbour such people are comfortable with: Pauchant, 50, a do-it-yourself furniture maker with five children still living at

home, Morin is, above all, respectable.

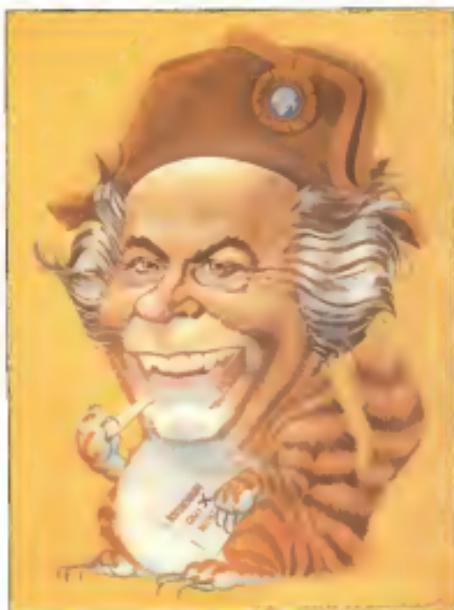
As minister of intergovernmental affairs and mastermind behind Quebec's June 1980 referendum on secession from Canada, this legal family man must deal with his province's bigamous tradition of viewing unity fidelity to two households. Morin knows that given the choice, many Quebecers would answer his referendum question with a sincere smile.

Fortunately for the Parti Québécois government, Morin is at ease with ambiguity. His exuberant grin is the Cheshire cat's, and his clever, seductive lingo is as confounding as the rabbit holes, croquet grounds and red tea parties of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.

It was Morin who devised the premise of a referendum on independence, thus permitting Quebecers to elect a PQ government without accrediting it authority to separate the province from Canada. But if the referendum fails to sanction another strike toward independence, Morin and his boss, Premier René Lévesque, may hear the party faithful, like an intolerant Queen of Hearts, shouting "Off with their heads!" But after 26 years at the highest levels of Quebec's perfidious politics, Morin has learned the art of self-protection. "I never write down anything. There is no internal government document setting out my strategy or ideas on anything. I don't do that. If the government works and if I'm asked to write something for my own use or to pass on information, I never sign my name." Then, in one of the ironcladisms that sparkle his conversations, Morin rises from his swivelchair, reaches to his desk and proceeds to prove that he does sign papers after all. "There's one document I always keep with me, in case I'm attacked," says the minister, peering into the remains of his briefcase. "Yes, here it is, the last secret document I wrote for Robert Bourassa on Feb. 16, 1981. I predicted what would happen at the June constitutional conference and how it would have to react."

At that time Morin was deputy minister of intergovernmental affairs and chief constitutional adviser to Bourassa, the young Liberal premier who snatched the last serious attempt, in Victoria in '71, to patronize Canada's constitution. Former prime minister Pierre Trudeau's federal allies suspected Morin then of being a closet separatist, a saboteur of efforts to make federalism attractive to Quebecers. Morin will not divulge the contents of this key paper he carries about like a loaded pistol, but its

## Morin in Wonderland



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Frontlines

title—*The Last Constitutional Conference and the Next Step*—is an eloquent indication of how his mind works. Meier's strategic method has introduced a now-common word to Quebec's political vocabulary: *Réponse*—briefly step-by-stepism but best translated as *gradualism*.

Masson appealed to Lévesque in the early 1970s when the PQ was gloriously pristine but never managed to win more than seven seats with its platform of up-front separation. Morin's miracle effort was a scheme to gain power first and worry about independence later, once the levers of power were in the firm grasp of the party. Lévesque listened eagerly to that referendum speech, seeing in it the ideal antidote to the party's angry, belligerent and apidial image. And then there was Morin himself, he was neither smooth, understated and technical, nor really devoid of the anti-qualified nationalist rhetoric that makes some of his cabinet colleagues sound like 1950s news clippings gone astray from the CBC archives. Morin's candor takes him to the edge of IQ here: "I don't pretend that Quebecers are shabby, that they're in slacks"—it just isn't so. We live in one of the world's best democracies, what we are doing would be illegal in 80 per cent of the world's countries.

The convening of this bold parliament to the cause of independence occurred, he says now, after he ended eight years of government (1863 to 1871) as chief constitutional counsellor to four Quebec premiers, through the Malier, Chaz, Noz and Jean Légaré, to the English *ou Indépendance* of Daniel Johnson, the innumerable 18 months of Jean-Jacques Béland and the indecision of Bourassa. Back at the Couronne du Québec in winter and lecture on federalism, Morin had lost faith in the system's capacity for renewal. He palely endorsed the RG, said the party has referendum plan and, these years ago this month, rode to power as the tidal wave of RG popularity he had helped to generate. He returned to his old ministry of intergovernmental affairs and dug up the farewell memo of 1971 in which he told his staff: "I am not leaving, I will simply be absent for a while." His first memo as minister announced

"In fact," he was back, as it turned out, to carry on Quebec's gradual disengagement from dependence on Canada and to strengthen renewed ties with France. Just what Morin is up to at any particular moment is difficult to discern; he delegates little authority, refusing even to leave routine press relations to an underling. His only visible confidants are

# Frontlines

his executive assistant, Louise Boesdorff, an attractive 33-year-old with whom he suddenly turned up in Paris last month to confer with French Premier Raymond Barre. What about? He wouldn't say.

Menin considers that his greatest achievements at the height of Bourassa's power in the 1930s were the creation of Quebec's own press plan and the province's dive into international diplomacy, with the opening of diplomatic legations in Asia and one as "embassy" in Paris. Explains Menin: "Quebec was too electrocuted and tired down by narrow-minded nationalism. It was necessary to widen ourselves up to the world and I figured international relations were the 'best way.' Now he regards the prestige: 'Today nobody is surprised when foreign journalists ask me to comment on the枫丹白露 problem—but I don't, because the important point is that 20 years ago no one would have thought to ask the opinion of a provincial politician'."

Another fruit of the rapprochement with France was Charles de Gaulle's still-echoing "Vive le Québec libre," cried in Montreal in 1967. Berton was standing a few steps behind the French president. "I knew that de Gaulle would say something significant. I had been told to expect it, but I didn't know he would say that. I started to giggle just thinking of Ottawa's reaction."

What Ottawa thinks has always mattered to Mr. Imbeau, he claims that it was a trio of top federal bureaucrats who inspired his referendum scheme. It was during a series of federal-provincial discussions in 1971, he recalls, that he asked the three when Quebec's political status would ever be settled. Never, they answered. Or rather, not until there was an election or vote-taking on that issue. That, at any rate, is how Marin remembers it, though he says the three men would surely disagree now.

One thing that federalists are certain to do is that Marin's referendum will, in fact, deliver a clear statement of Quebecers' desires. That's because the government is less interested in calling Quebecers' constitutional bluff than it is in securing a political victory at the referendum ballot box. The question becomes almost irrelevant when the objective is just one more step forward. For Marin, nothing counts more than direction.

*"Ottawa's Behaviour just reflected an inherent necessity for federal-provincial relations. At [the] time of the secretary of the Treasury's [sic] and now [the] president, Robert [sic] [sic], there is a consciousness of more in the prime minister than is obvious."*



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Quebecers of the rightness of secession, but is rather by devoting a question already won, in their national answer yes to Sault Ste. Marie. The referendum will go beyond boundaries. I know a lot of liberals want to say yes and they hope we make it possible for them—by not something like, 'Are you in favor of a somebody separation of Quebec?'"

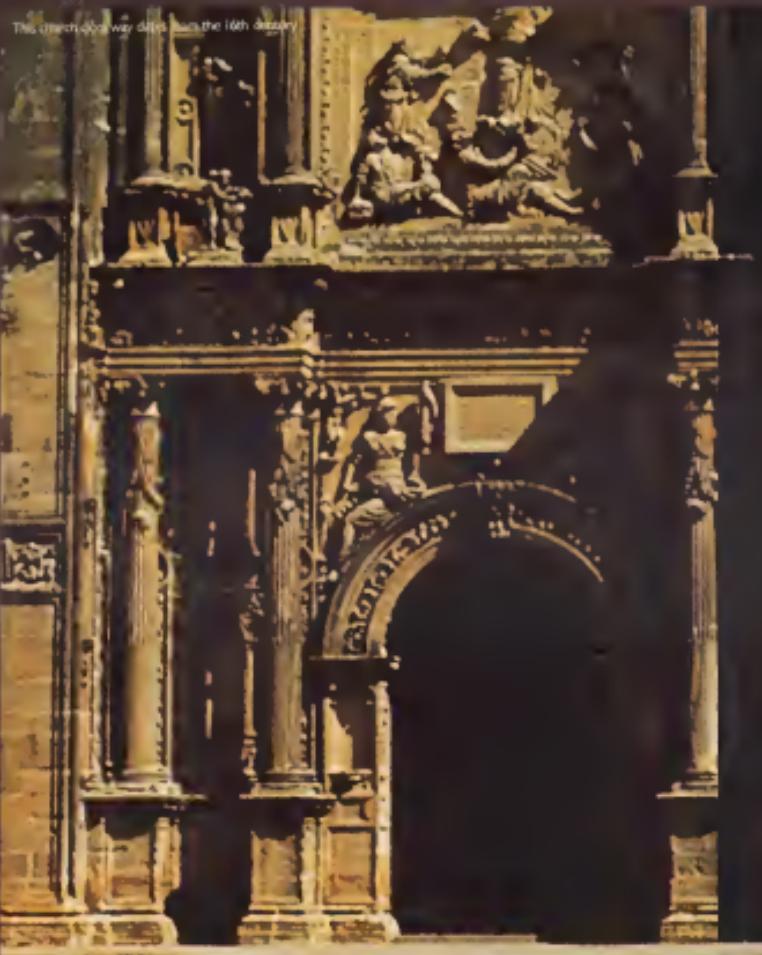
“priority rule of strategy,” says Moore, “is to accept reality.” Reality, for economists and federalists alike, is that Quebecers want neither full independence nor Canada as it exists. No surprise do they want Liséevin’s ambitious scheme of sovereignty-association, only 12 per cent would choose sovereignty-association over retained federation, the option favored by 54 per cent of the poll respondents. But, confusingly at first sight, suggest sheets up to 54 percent for a “mandate to negotiate” sovereignty-association—the only question that seems likely to deliver a victory to the government. The logical explanation for the success of the “mandate” question is that Quebecers do want their provincial government to have strong provincial power but expect—and want—the results to fall short of sovereignty-association.

Just where those should fall, they probably don't know and, like Lewis Carroll's Alice, care more that they get somewhere. "Oh, you're sure to do that," said the Cat, "if you only walk long enough." ☺

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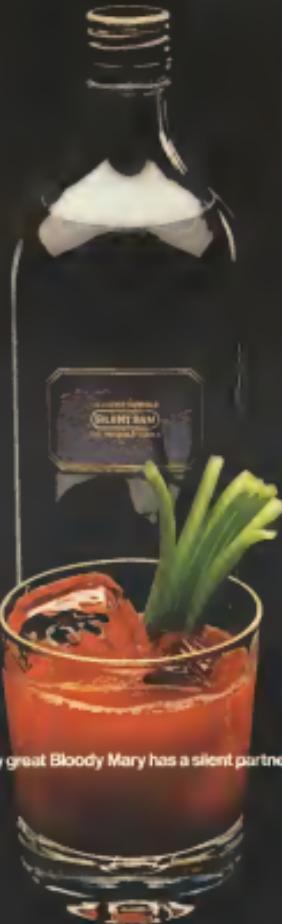


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## Frontlines



# A spirit to last

By Stephen Kimber

*Five porticos extend through the floor from another room, and there soaps on the tables, hand-gren and full of colour.*

*"Reps, the local men said, "You were called into this room to be told there are no jobs and you should leave this kind of place. There'll be no new industries here and these warehouse streets are paved with gold."*

*So get out while the getting's good or before you have to be ruled," John Bowen by Dennis MacNeil*

I was, conceded a troubled New York Minister of Development Roland Thorleif, "the worst thing a politician ever had to do to me really, was what

the chose?" Baffled with a ramshackle-at-the-seams steel plant which needs an infusion of a billion dollars to make it efficient, and already staggering under the weight of an accumulated debt of \$300 million—not to mention new losses piling up at the rate of \$1.2 million more a week—Thorleif made his Hobson's choice. He announced that the provincially owned Sydney Steel Corporation (SSCO) would lay off 800 of its 3,200 man work force at the beginning of this month.

Cape Breton has become a Canadian metaphor for economic hardship. So it seemed strange that, although the steel plant is the crucial cornerstone of the economy and although unemployment is already 14 per cent, Thorleif's somber pronouncement was greeted with little more than eerie silence from the general population. True, there were few formal expressions of concern than snide and caustic jibes as well as the reported blessings from local politicians, but Cape Breton now seems almost inviolate to the inevitability of bad

Cape Bretoners have been down this road before. In the '50s, after mid-sized federal bureaucracies prematurely an-

*fiddle festival in Glens Falls, N.Y., what you do is stare with them and far them'*

news of the death of King coal. Cape Breton's other economic lifeline, they were urged to abandon the island and to find their futures in the ever-growing big cities of the mainland. Most stayed put, living without a job in Cape Breton seemed infinitely preferable to being without a home in Calgary and saw, thanks to spiraling world oil prices, coal as making a slow comeback. Then again, in 1987 Cape Breton was given bad news when the Dominion Steel and Coal Company, the former owners of the steel plant, got fed up with its losses and simply walked away. But the provincial government, fearing the same cascading chain that would inevitably result from a shutdown of the plant, quickly established a Crown corporation to keep Cape Breton's main employer alive. That said, although Syco has become a political football, metering periodically between election-prime minister and between opposition, Cape Bretoners have refused to take their own politics seriously. They have built up cultural barriers around despair: there is no Cape Breton, an unusable opt-



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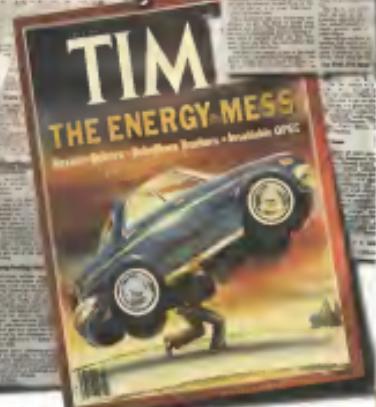
# What cars should be is what rabbits have always been.

## The joy ride's ending

Most will cling to their gas-guzzlers until it suits them.

## Car buyers blamed for gas guzzler

Car makers search for more efficient and lighter models



We couldn't help but notice the number of newspaper and magazine articles, written by automotive experts and futurists, that take a look at tomorrow and point to a picture of what we can expect cars to be a few years down the road.

And while we aren't surprised by what was predicted, we are pleased by what they see. Because in these "cars of tomorrow," they're really seeing the Volkswagen Rabbit of today. And that didn't happen partly by chance. It was strictly by design.

*"Detroit spends \$70 billion remodeling for the automobile of the future."*

*Business Week, November 1976*

Now that Detroit is beginning to produce lighter, more efficient cars to meet the needs of 1985, it's impos-

tant to point out that in 1975 Volkswagen was already producing the car to meet these needs.

The Volkswagen Rabbit. A design that for the first time ever, combined economy, performance, and roominess in one single automobile. Over time, other car manufacturers have come to realize the completeness of the Rabbit's design concept and engineering characteristics. So has Volkswagen. We've simply spent our time making a good thing better and better.



An ever-changing sign of the times

"Car makers must boost average mileage to 27.5 mpg (8.6/100 km) by 1985"

*Time Magazine, July 2, 1977*

In 1980, Volkswagen's corporate gas consumption rate more than meets the U.S. Government's proposed 1985 gas consumption requirement, and Transport Canada's comparative fuel consumption rating for the Rabbit alone, is 8.0 L/100 km.<sup>1</sup>

The Rabbit Diesel is even more efficient. It's rated at an amazing 5.0 L/100 km.<sup>2</sup> That's #1 in the nation. Enough said about economy. After all, the Rabbit is a Volkswagen. What



When the rear seat is folded down, cargo space goes up.

should be said, however, is how acceleration has been coupled with economy. The Rabbit zips from 0 to 60 km/h in mere 8.2 seconds.

"*Combustion will be displaced by fuel injection system.*"

*Executive Magazine, November 1978*

What's viewed as standard equipment on cars of the future, can be seen on the Volkswagen Rabbit right now.

An efficient fuel injection system is but one. Front wheel drive for less weight and more traction is another; as is an anti-skid device, a passive restraint system, an electronically driven fan belt to save fuel, and more. All available on the Rabbit today.

"The Joy Ride is Ending"

*Toronto Star, July 8, 1979*

The desire of the "traditional" longer car, as we know it, is invisible. And, in true Volkswagen fashion, while large luxury car makers are trying to make smaller cars, we're making our so-called small? more luxurious. The Rabbit's front seats are orthopaedically designed and fully reclining. The Rabbit's carpeting is luxurious and tough at the same time. And thanks to its front wheel drive, there's no awkward hump under foot.

There's four-wheel independent suspension for a smooth ride and an abundance of sound-deadening insulation for a quiet ride.

And, the Volkswagen Rabbit is really only small on the outside. There's plenty of elbow room for four large adults, even 6-footers.

With the rear seat folded down, there's more cargo space than in

Rabbit
Euroversion Diesel
Diesel Phosphate
Sheet Metal
Diesel Phosphate
Euroversion Diesel
Undercoating

*Rabbit's French has a bright future*

many of the so-called large cars

So when you finally give up your large car, you don't give up a thing. The Volkswagen Rabbit is a joy to drive. "If you drive a Volkswagen Rabbit, you're already into the car-type of tomorrow."

*Journal of Systems Management, January 1979*

All in all, the Volkswagen Rabbit is one fine automobile worthy of your consideration. The place to find it is your Volkswagen Dealer. The time to find it is right now.



The  
Volkswagen  
Rabbit



Don't settle for less.

# COGNAC OR WHISKY

Kindred spirits  
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Unlike other spirits, both Cognac  
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distinctive characters on a combination  
of long aging and careful blending.

But while age is often quoted

to indicate the quality of a whisky, it is never  
mentioned by the Cognac houses of France.  
Not for reasons of modesty, but because the  
law and tradition both frown on it.

In point of fact, most premium Cognacs  
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the oldest whiskies, but may well be  
considerably older than you are.

That's why Cognac and soda is the  
preferred mixed drink in many  
enlightened circles.

It's a question  
of mature taste.



Cognac. The incomparable spirit of France.

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## Frontlines

mean that the great, protective *Johannes Bossey* is just around the corner and after the sky looks threateningly dark.

Arriving from the waters of the big

bay of the *Johannes Bossey* over the shore

to the house and through the door,

singing:

*'Don't you tempt my children,  
let them live where they belong  
In this sort of winding streets,  
it's very wet, oh-so-happy time -  
With the old ghost he there is such  
a God-awful noise  
then policemen went running down  
the highway  
just as it was going and scaring them  
boys.'*

Oh no!

If music like that song by Kerste MacNeil could chase away Cape Breton's economic blues, they would have been long gone by now. In spite of a life that is both hardworking and just plain hard, Cape Bretonians have developed a joyous, defiant, rich and thriving culture that is all their own. Like Quebec and Newfoundland—the only other regions of the country that can lay claim to an equally distinctive popular culture—Cape Breton's culture is very much a culture of appearance: what the island's amateur writers and actors share with their audiences is an abiding sense of "them against us."

"Them" includes all mainland politicians, Hollister businesses, Toronto magazine writers, outside academics, and anyone else who can't measure the price of the *sunrise/sunrise* for the power of *long/TH/third* nor tell a good story or bring off a *Morne Bridge* and the pleasure it brings them. *Song of the Mist* by Alister MacGillivray.

Historically, Cape Breton's culture is rooted in the same damping, good-natured traditions of mainland Canada: the ancestors of 98 per cent of the island's 70,000 people originally came from that influence has been tempered over the centuries by the experience of men who have worked in the service of "outside" owners in the island's mines and steel mills. The result is a culture that can be proud, self-mocking and reasonably decent at the same time.

"What has impressed me most about Cape Breton," says Silver Donald Cameron, a Toronto-born academic and writer who has lived in Cape Breton for eight years, "is that people here care about what you do as a writer. There's this whole thread that runs through the rest of 20th-century literature of the writer as alive, as an outside critic, but that is absolutely not true in Cape Bre-

## SOME COMFORTING FACTS ABOUT PHILISHAVE.



and it will give close  
comfort to any of the many  
faces inbetween.

3 With the Philishave system, taking care of such faces isn't a  
wide line. We believe  
that well-groomed moustaches  
and sideburns are an  
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groomed face. Therefore,  
our trimmer is an integral  
part of the Philishave  
system. When needed, it  
pops up for use. When  
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**PHILIPS**



BEFORE YOU MAKE  
ANY RASH DECISIONS.

ton. Here you are part of the larger community and there's a feeling among people that what you do as a writer or as a musician is done with them and for them. That, I think, is where the real strength of the culture comes from.<sup>1</sup>

Cameron is now writing-on-residence at the College of Cape Breton, an institution that is at the very centre of Cape Breton's cultural renaissance. Established just five years ago after half a century of bitter complaints about the lack of a university on the island, the college combines apprenticeship training, technical and university undergraduate programs with an increasing postsecondary preserving and presenting all things Cape Breton. "It's the most innovative and interesting college I've seen in my life," says Cameron, "and I've seen seven others from the fringe." Besides Cameron, the new Chancellor, Coulombe, appointed winter residents at a Nova Scotia university, and while she has had a successful self-testimony and its publications arm, the College of Cape Breton Press, and will gather an collection of essays on Cape Breton history has also produced two popular record albums. *One Glendale* included highlights from the annual Glendale Fiddling Festival and the *Rise and Falls of Cape Breton Island*, a recording of a locally popular satirical news, sold close to 35,000 copies, mainly in Cape Breton. "I suppose the main of a college producing albums that felt might seem strange to some people," admits Steve Macdonald, executive secretary of the college arm, "but we wanted to do things that would fit, otherwise we'd be done. The *Rise and Falls* had a big impact in Cape Breton and it's

The *Rise and Fall* is a wryly elegiac memoir of non-fiction of the natural



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*Journal of Health Politics, Policy and Law*, Vol. 35, No. 4, December 2010  
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"Based on results shown in supported but not

## Frontlines

the morning, he spurned the opportunity. "I would have had to move to Toronto, change my wife, change my material... get the nicotine stains off my fingers and have my teeth capped," he says. "When you've decided that your audience is here, that these are the people you want to reach, then there's really no point in going with a big national company." Like a number of Cape Breton's popular rock acts, MacNeil has opted to produce his own albums for mainly Maritime distribution.

Silver Bouddi Cameron says that, thanks to songwriters such as MacNeil and local rock groups such as Boddy and the Boys and Sam Moon—two bands that, although virtually unknown nationally, cut audience major Canadian acts in most Maritime communities—there is now "a Cape Breton sound in music that is distinctive." He says that even rock groups now include Cape Breton's signature fiddle music in their rock 'n' roll material. "When a group like Boddy and the Boys puts those two elements together," says MacNeil, "the audience reaction is just incredible. Now that the big record companies have gone through reggae and Appalachian music, I wouldn't be surprised to see them finally discover Cape Breton too."



West City Players in "Rose and Polka" refusing to take the obituaries seriously

it's one of the few original styles of music left."

Though understandably delighted at the recent flowering of his native culture, MacNeil worries about its future direction. "Right now there's defiance, but there's also joie de vivre. The danger is that, because of the way Cape Bretoners have historically seen themselves treated by mainlanders, the defiance

could someday become straight parsimony."

For now, however, there is still the hope expressed in MacNeil's own *Johnstown Boogie*, that the future is bound to better. *With I was rather tipsy and I staggered past the bay... With the dream I just dreamt made me hope I'd find a way to this next somehow,* wrote *Johnstown Boogie's* words come and are my sky. □

# THE SCHENLEY AWARDS

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The awards are sponsored proudly by the Distillery Company that founded them more than 25 years ago.



## MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

- 1979 Jim Coode, Ottawa
- 1977 Ed Wilson, B.C.
- 1978 Don Taylor, Edmonton
- 1979 Mike Turner, Montreal
- 1979 Chet Hether, Montreal

## MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

- 1978 Dave Pennell, Edmonton
- 1977 Doug Keppen, Edmonton
- 1978 Tom Deneen, Ottawa
- 1975 Jim Corrall, Toronto
- 1976 John Hethon, Calgary

## MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

- 1958 Joe Papineau, Winnipeg
- 1959 Jim Bright, B.C.
- 1960 Jim Deneen, Ottawa
- 1965 Tom Deneen, Ottawa
- 1964 Sam Czyszkowicz, Toronto
- 1963 Johnnie Rodgers, Montreal
- 1962 Chuck Bailey, Hamilton

## MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

- 1978 Tony Gobrel, Ottawa
- 1977 Tony Gobrel, Ottawa
- 1976 Tony Gobrel, Ottawa
- 1975 Jim Young, Ottawa
- 1974 Tony Gobrel, Hamilton
- 1973 Jim Young, Ottawa
- 1972 Jim Young, B.C.
- 1971 Terry Edwards, Montreal
- 1970 Jim Young, B.C.
- 1969 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1968 Ken Nease, Winnipeg
- 1967 Jim Young, Edmonton
- 1966 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1965 Zeno Kara, Hamilton
- 1964 Tommy Grant, Hamilton
- 1963 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1962 Harvey Wylie, Calgary
- 1961 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
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## Take it from the teacher

**S**heila Morrison is a tiny, unassuming woman, whose career is a series of "firsts." Her life is devoted to helping thousands of children in public schools with learning disabilities—a condition she has dubbed "the blackboard bungle." Morrison's temper and life's work coincided six years ago after she scored a simple spelling test, and only six of 489 adolescents received perfect marks. She started a school-board meeting that night, asking the Ontario public-teaching system over the radio. Her wit, seat tugs and insinuations to punt with anyone over teaching practices have made her a leading light in the movement to teach properly children who have learning disabilities.

The controversy over teaching them children—who may see words and sentences backwards, set permanently upside or seem simply unable to learn despite at least "normal" intelligence—has unanswered for years and has brought some changes in the system. Just this autumn the Ontario ministry of education made it mandatory for schools to test children for disabilities at the kindergarten level, and the ministry is working on a plan whereby special education would be offered by all Ontario school boards. Further, the Ontario government this autumn opened the country's first government-supported residential school for students with severe learning disabilities. Called Tritium, it's in Milton, west of Toronto.

Morrison's contribution to the debate—apart from opening her own school in Afton, 50 miles north of Toronto, two years ago—has been a consistent, clear message that public-school literacy has been created by the abandonment of old-fashioned discipline, drill in the classroom and an em-

phasis on the "basics." According to the Ontario Association for Children with Learning Disabilities, another estimate that at least 25 per cent of all North American children are, to some degree, disabled. In other words, they cannot learn in modern classrooms even though they are, of average, or better, intelligence. "It's not the kids, it's the schools," says Morrison. "They weren't born that way—they're the product of bad teaching." 17-km-a-year programs in Ontario appear to be an attempt to redress that situation.

Others argue that some learning disabilities are caused by unsettled home lives and pathological conditions. But whatever the theory, Morrison's actions are drawing steady attention to the Sheila Morrison School. Despite spartan surroundings (the school is still under development) and fees of \$6,000 a year, it now has 58 students, 17 teachers and two caregivers at Afton and nearby Letford. Parents from across the country have enrolled their youngsters because the school provides a program of intensive remedial instruction in reading, writing, spelling, composition, grammar and mathematics. Class sizes are limited to three pupils, and each student receives 40 minutes of private tutoring a day.

As a result, children like Greg Martin, a 16-year-old from Owen Sound with above-average intelligence, are ad-

vancing rapidly. Morrison flourished for years in a public school and read at a Grade 2 level a year ago. Yet he was Grade 9 when she picked him up the year in June because he jumped three grade levels in one year.

The key to Morrison's success is its group of dedicated teachers. They hold classes in classes and dorms because space is cramped; sleep in basement rooms, eat three meals a day with their students, help with evening homework supervises weekend outings and wage away the tears of nightshift housekeepers—all for \$8,000 a year plus room and board.

The road to establishing this school was long and trying for Morrison. In 1975 she retired from teaching in the public system, ending a career which spanned four decades. Encouraged by her husband of 25 years, Rodger Morrison, she decided to open a nonprofit school. The couple put their modest homestead up collateral and rented a shabby 40-acre farm for the school.

The rural municipality involved, Afton, was cool to the idea. "They thought we'd be another group home for delinquents," she says. And when two 16-room modular units rolled into town for use as dormitories, the township took her to court.

But Morrison saw the fight through with the same spirit that once inspired her to tell her boss, the chairman of Toronto's North York Board of Education, to sit still and to spit out his gas while she talked—at a public meeting. And while some people may quarrel with her attacks on the public-education system, few can deny that her fighting qualities and her theories on teaching have set an admirable example of how to link theory to practice in an area where so many are still busy debating theory.

Blane Proulx

Morrison at Letford school, countering the 'blackboard bungle' with the basics



# THE SCHENLEY AWARDS

### TROKA VODKA

Schenley's famous Tropka Vodka has won 2 Gold, 1 Silver and 1 Bronze Medal. It has also won the loyalty of Canadians who prefer an outstanding Bloody Mary or Screwdriver.



### SCHENLEY LONDON DRY GIN

Schenley London Dry Gin is the only dry gin that has ever been awarded a Gold Medal... and it has been awarded 3 of them. It is the outstanding way to begin an award-winning Martini.

### RON CARIOCA WHITE RUM

The 3 Silver and 1 Bronze Monde Selection Medals confirmed the excellence of Ron Carioca Rum. It is bottled in Canada, using pure cane spirits imported from the Islands, with outstanding results.

In the last 7 years, the outstanding products of Canadian Schenley have won more Monde Selection Award Medals than any other Distiller in Canada.

The Monde Selection is the world's most respected competition for spirits. Schenley has been recognized with 19 Gold Medals, 7 Silver and 3 Bronze... 29 in total.

The highest honour given, the Monde Selection perpetual trophy, was awarded in 1974 to Schenley's O.F.C. 8 year old Canadian Whisky for winning an unprecedented 3 consecutive Gold Medals.

In the world of spirits, one name stands out, one name synonymous with excellence: Schenley.

**SCHENLEY O.F.C.**  
Schenley O.F.C. has received 7 Gold Medals and the Monde Selection perpetual trophy. These awards are fitting tributes to the outstanding 8 year old Canadian Whisky that is a favorite throughout Canada.



# Recipe for survival: just add noodles



**D**o ye weary traveler,  
take comfort at the  
end of your day.

The Four Seasons  
Calgary



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Call your Travel Agent or  
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**T**he people of Moosebank, Saskatchewan (population, 88), didn't have to look very far to recognize their position. Like many small rural communities across the province, this was being stripped of its youth, who were being forced to move to cities in their search for jobs. Mayor Donald Hansmann says the exodus became particularly vivid on long holiday weekends, when "all you would see would be pizzas and black Alberta house plates"—belonging to ex-residents back for a visit. But unlike other towns apparently facing extinction, Moosebank decided to defend itself against the destructive trend. That was six years ago. Last month that doggedness blossomed into community pride with the official opening of Moosebank Foods Ltd., an industry that has brought 22 jobs to the farming community. Situated in a new 7,000-square-foot building (the plant cost a little more than \$1 million), Moosebank Foods now churns out Japanese-style, Canadian-style, under-the-brace noodle of Moosebank.

The final link in the chain was Arrose Foods (Canada) Ltd., which provided the expertise and agreed to a joint venture on a 50/50 basis with the people of Moosebank. Hodder—its beef, chicken and pork sausages—will soon be sold in supermarkets across the West and in Ontario. Already, too, there is talk of a profit for the townswell, ever and above the jobs they have gained. "Most of the 218 shareholders in town gave money more as a contribution than investment," claims Melis, who is company president. "But let's face it, Arrose Foods is not here because it likes the economy. If they make money, we make money."

Dale Elder

For all the ingredients of flour and Canola (rapeseed) oil that went into the making of noodles in Japan were imported from Saskatchewan. The eager townsfolk jumped at the idea upon Lange's return, pledged \$80,000, and Moosebank Foods was on its way.

Once the noodle idea took hold, the community acted quickly. A board of directors was formed and Wally Melis, a local farmer, was recruited as a fact-finding mission to good businesses in the Far East. Upon his return, the group re-contacted a Calgary consulting firm to put together a marketable plan. That in turn brought the credibility necessary to get a loan of \$745,000 from the provincial government and a department of regional economic expansion (DREE) grant of \$307,000.

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AN EXTRAORDINARY EXAMPLE  
OF THE AUTOMOTIVE ART



Artwork by Mayron Kestenoff, Brightman Plaza, Bloor 45 meters high

One of the most sought-after cars in the world is now, or last, within your gaze.

The spectacular new Rover 3500—reardonably acclaimed as Car of the Year when it was originally unveiled in Europe—comes to Canada from Britain, where, for more than seventy-five years, its predecessors have been instrumental in helping to beautify the English landscape.

In an era when so many new luxury cars are beginning to look increasingly alike, even a cursory once-over will tell you that here, indeed, is one that is different.

Superbly constructed and luxuriously appointed, the 5-door Rover 3500 combines the most modern automotive advancements with an obviously apparent appreciation for aesthetics.

The clean, flowing lines of its elegant exterior allow an incredible degree of performance.

ANNOUNCING THE ROVER 3500



Power is provided by an aluminum 3528 cc. V8 engine equipped with the reliability of electronic ignition. The ease with which it reaches top speed will leave you with the feeling that it belongs on a track.

Other desirable features include a floor-mounted 5-speed manual gearbox, optional automatic shift, power-assisted rack-and-pinion steering, self-leveling rear suspension, and an ingeniously designed lowdrag coefficient for increased stability and less wind resistance.

Inside, the range of switches, lights and instruments is unusually impressive. Heating and ventilating system is one of drivings most advanced. A new generation laminated windshield is just one of the car's innovative safety aspects. Air-conditioning, electric windows, fully

adjustable seats, a two-way adjustable steering wheel, central door locks, a lighted vanity mirror on the visor, an ignition key warning system that chimes rather than buzzes and a convenient, refreshing sun roof are additional Rover enhancements.

If you were to sit behind the wheel, or take it out for a drive, perhaps you would come away convinced that the Rover 3500 was the single most exciting car in the entire luxury class. Experience the prestige and worldwide recognition that come with owning a true work of art. The wanted new Rover is now on view at selected Canadian automobile dealers.

For additional information, and the name of the dealer nearest you, write: Jaguar Rover Triumph Canada Inc., 4445 Eglinton Street, P.O. Box 5033, Burlington, Ontario, L7R 4A3.

**ROVER**  
**3500**  
A WORK OF ART

## Frontlines

# Raising a glass to a bar boom

Men who go down to the sea in ships have been known, along the way, to stray to the occasional tavern. Kipling wrote that they went to spit, smoke and tell lies, another 19th-century commentator called the tradition only natural, since a sailor's sole duty ashore was to "take as much pleasure as he can." They're still taking pleasure, especially on the waterfront of St. John's, Newfoundland, which has what is probably the greatest concentration of bars in the country. And with the recent re-creation of worldly old-timers (see Merleau's, Sept. 12, 1989) into the establishments, the realization that the area is increasingly cosmopolitan and colorful is raising quick work of the old stereotypes of St. John's straightforwardness.

There are more than 30 bars along less than three-quarters of a mile of Water Street, just one block removed from the waterfront, and the night patterns—British, French, British pubs, dives and folk music houses, soccer clubs, blues clubs and jazz clubs—hold true for the nearby streets as well. Unlike other Canadian seaports, the St. John's harbor is open to the public. It is not bordered by the stately 18th-century

A chardonnay puts in St. John's, making quick work of the city's old stereotypes



Smooth  
Mellow  
Gentle...  
The Great  
Brandy  
from the  
Rhine

**Asbach**  
Uralt

Asbach Uralt is a distillation of carefully selected wines, traditionally and skillfully blended and quietly aged in small oak kegs to produce that unique Asbach smoothness. Asbach Uralt, a connoisseur's brandy from our great cellars at Rüdesheim on the Rhine.

Uralt means very old in German



# "Thank God for Sorels."

That was the reaction to the Canadian Sorel boot by men whose lives depended on proper foot gear.

Because at -63°F cold feet can kill you literally. So those men, members of the historic Framed Expedition to the North Pole, put their faith in the warmth of Sorel.

Sorel's incredible warmth is made possible by its unique



banded leather and rubber construction combined with our thick boot-within-a-boot felt liner. You'll find Sorels the warmest most rugged, most comfortable boots you're ever likely to wear. No matter how bad the weather. Don Powellak, the Expedition's Deputy Leader, wrapped up Sorel's story best:

At -63°F quite comfortable!

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Men's and  
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## Frontlines

land of warehouses and train tracks cordon elsewhere. The open atmosphere is reflected in the bars as well, where fisherman observes just as from the Grand Banks, tanker captain, Japanese fisherman, German sailors and oil investors are common customers.

This past year a new character has emerged, linked to the tremors we-

Japanese fishermen at an open-air bar on the waterfront—reduced for self-defence



trity in off-shore oil. Hundreds of men pass through the city every few weeks en route to and from the oil rigs, and in the meantime the men who work the supply ships spend their idle hours in the bars. These men seem at home, save St. John's is the first seaport most of them have worked where they are not forced to walk around in groups of four or five, for self-defence. The city is dotted with the type of place where they can leave their change on the bar during a trip to the washroom and find it intact later.

The foreign fisherman, for the most part, prefer the city's "looser" bars and, although the language barrier hinders communication, their presence adds a unique atmosphere. The Russians, clutching plastic bags full of new blazer jeans, do their drinking in quiet groups of three or four. Their dining is a serious affair—drinking shots of meat liquor. The Spanish and Portuguese represent the largest segment of the foreign fishermen, but they have only recently begun to leave their own cultural centre for evenings on the town.

The waterfront bars of St. John's are not tested in tourist hubs, but they present a colorful way of taking the vibrant polka-dot pulse of the old city—a fact that might have surprised Kipling.

Robert Plaskus

## Frontlines

### The land of milk and money

So Big Business has tried to supplant nature by concocting a better infant's milk. The Mother's Milk Formula for Health (Oct. 18) And thousands of babies are dying as a result. How many more unnecessary deaths from intestinal-spasmed poison must there be before our legislators demand that a sensible accounting become part of every human's balance sheet?

D.J. WILCOX, CLARENTHAL, ALTA.

What a fantastic advertising gimmick for Nestle's infant formula. A new mother needs enough "free" formula so that her own milk dries up, thus making it necessary for her to stay with the artificial product for good. Surely Nestle, knowing that supplementing breast-feeding with formula usually results in a complete transfer to the latter because the body is not allowed to naturally compensate for the infant's increased needs. Given the choice, most babies prefer the bottle because it requires less sucking effort on their part. I think I'll start a boycott of my own.

RAY GARTH, WILLOWSDALE, ONT.

### Kid stuff

I thoroughly enjoyed reading your article on upcoming TV programs This New Season (Sept. 24). In our area, the pseudo-psychotic mom of *Family Reunion* and parents of *All in the Family* are here again—neither of which, I say again, is suitable for young children. I think that the CBC should have its corporate knuckles firmly rapped for



CBC "WOW" pop knockin' game

dropping children's programming in the after-school slot this coming season. If the CBC has to cut back, it could at least show some series of children's programs.

MARILYN CAMPING, HIGHLANDS NFLD.

### He, she and sympathy

Barbara Amiel's column Today, Courtesies of the Workplace (October, Queen's Own Special Status Oct. 8) was so outstanding as to move me to write you this letter. My lifelong experience leads me to the following observations. It has always been, and still is, difficult for women to make their way in the business world, and to achieve positions of higher responsibility they have had to work much harder than their male

counterparts. But, if they really wanted to achieve, they have succeeded. In any enterprise the proportion of men and women with inherent intelligence is about equal. It is nonsense to think about inferiority of intellect in either sex. I have never had any sympathy for stupid, lay-women who complained about inferiority. Inferiority. True, I do not believe in the necessity for, or effectiveness of, any organized drive to place women into advantageous positions to make a career. Such organizations or institutions are usually headed by men of smart persons who frequently pursue their goals through their own interests. Although their ideas might be sensible and even of some use to the society, the organization serves mainly the organization and administration. The great mass self-perpetuating bodies with a main purpose to provide the positions and jobs for the organization and administrators.

JUDITH BRAIN, BATAWA, ONT.

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### The acid touch

Congratulations on Jane O'Hara's appointment to your Ottawa bureau. Her territory includes Ontario, Quebec and the Yukon. *Canada Does the Head That Sells the Crown* (Oct. 8), sharpened with the acid distillate from her experience of observing the Toronto scene, is just what our elected representatives need to keep them on their toes.

KIRK KREIS, LAKESFIELD, ONT.

### Editorial essence

As a reader of Maclean's for many years, the first article I turn to is always Peter C. Newman's editorial

# CARS PEOPLE SWEAR BY. NOT AT.

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which, for me, sets out in clear logic the essence of what is happening in Canada. The next thing I read is Allan Fetheringham's column. With keen insight and wit, he lays bare the antimony of Canada and its people. Some readers may not wish to know what we are really like, but if we are to reach maturity as a country, self-knowledge is the first requirement. Fetheringham's column on Toronto was superb.

BRIAN CALDWELL THIRSK, ONT

### Rural roots

As much as I appreciated André McNeill's insights in his article *The Seeds of Despotism* (Oct. 1), I am obliged to confess that, contrary to the article's implications, I am not a full-time farmer. The day your piece came out we were establishing ourselves on 35 acres of Prairie weeds near Brandon and—though we aspire to growing most of our own food and, even, marketing a little extra

through the Brandon Farmers' Market—this is a far cry from a typical Prairie farm. My only genuine resources are time and my own initiative and my only proprietary goods are those Since your researchers inquired specifically about my rural status, I hope the error can be corrected in honor of this country's real farmers. Maybe someday.

FAT BOY MOONSHINE BRANDON, MAN

### Pressing on

Despite the death of *The Montreal Star*, (*A Shocked Hush in Paris West*, Oct. 8), our city still has three superior dailies: one English, two French. New York City, the media capital of the world, with almost three times Montreal's population, supports only three daily English newspapers including two mediocre tabloids.

GILBERT LAVOIE MONTREAL

### Mind over matter

As a member of Mensa Canada, R.B. Westgaard comments (*Letters*, Oct. 22) that French speakers should "mess thrashing an unwanted language on others." This provides further evidence that high-tit-scorers are not the elite of our country in terms of tolerance or understanding. Would that the pretentious would quit shouting their "superior" caught down our throats.

MARINA AND VASILIS ZASOSKI TORONTO

### The last chord

I echo to Peter C. Newman's piece *The Final Days of Artistry in Rythm* (Sept. 10) on Stan Kenton could read. That ... was an orchestra!

FRANK W. WELCH TORONTO

### Sorry, Charlie

I am a long-time tobacco user and I've finally got a handle on why the price is so high (\$1.69 for a seven-pack) and due to rise, as I've heard, another 15 to 20 cents in the next month or two. Instead of arresting 85 fathers for smoking cigarettes in Canadian restaurants for smoking offhandedly, a Canadian professor (*A Photo-Realistic Approach to a Theoretical Perspective*, Sept. 16), why don't we fish for them? Your article states: "There are no Canadian processing facilities for the rarely caught toads." I've searched the grocery shelves in vain for Canadian alligators (at all stores I come from Japan). I would prefer to see a Canadian-caught product but, failing that, wouldn't it be cheaper to buy from the U.S.? Is this stupid or am I missing something?

JOHN PARRYWEATHER SARJEANTON

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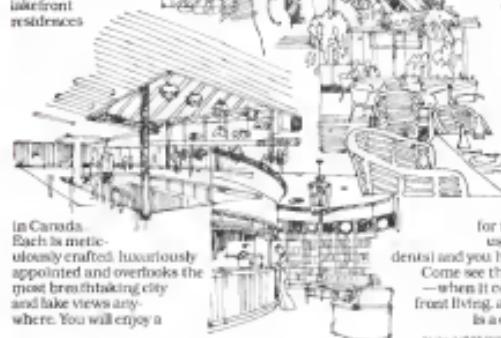


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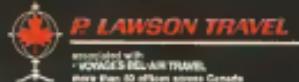


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## Frontlines

### Fine art from stone and stencil

**F**or Louis De Novelle, it's "like starting a new love affair." After

20 years as a painter, the Toronto artist has taken on a new medium, the complicated process of fine art printing. De Novelle couldn't go it alone—in September he turned for help to Open Studio, a King Street West studio where master printer Nik Hovak transformed the artist's vision into a reality of ink and paper.

Hovak: making the artist's vision reality



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## Frontlines

The result of their collaboration is a whimsical lithograph of floating animals and angels, commissioned by the Royal Ontario Museum for its fundraising drive. With that print already sold and selling with five other Canadian works at \$2,500, de Niroville has now returned to Open Studio, where his passion began. This time, his print will be his own.

Canada's pioneering printmaking cooperative, Open Studio was set up as a storefront operation in 1976 by artists Richard Sewell and Barbara Hall. Its original annual budget of \$2,000 has grown to its 10th year at \$200,000. Now 60 members pay a monthly fee for the use of facilities in third-floor, walk-up premises. They produce original prints in three fields: book arts, prints and drawings as silkscreens, prints made from stencils, lithographs (prints from chemically processed stencils), and etchings (prints from copper and zinc plates).

On a typical, bustling afternoon, the workshop smells of ink and solvents and there's a woman in a back room wearing a silk mask as she washes up. In an corner of the basement, left, Ben Bolt checks his lithograph of a weather-worn Nova Scotia fisherman, freshly "polished" from a \$700 stone. In another, silkscreen artist Judy Gourin wipes an eighth layer of color across the last of 48 copies of a photo-like forest scene. Without the investment in equipment made by Open Studio over the years (Gourin's screen cost \$2,000), few of the members could afford to pursue their craft.

The print market has mushroomed since the early days of Open Studio, a trend that assistant co-ordinator Wendy Knecht-Loft attributes to "the baby-boom generation looking for Canadian art for their homes and offices." Compared to other original forms of art, prints are still relatively cheap—generally from \$80 to \$500 for the works of Open Studio artists, although a Hansold Klimt print now being lithographed with some 25 colors will sell in the \$600 range.

In the initial drawings of the studio's archive lie some 2,500 prints, copies of every print produced at the workshop since it began. In the works is a large exhibition, complete with demonstrations, to be held at Harbourfront next fall. But first, as more artists, like de Niroville, fall in love with printmaking, there's again a problem of overproducing to deal with. "We were expecting everything to take off like this," says co-ordinator Jim Cook, looking for open space in the 6,000 square feet that looked so roomy when Open Studio moved in six years ago.

Christiane Brissenden

# THE ENERGY CRISIS

It has been six years since the 1973 Arab oil embargo, and Canadians have finally admitted a simple truth: There is no more cheap energy. Now, there is a tougher new reality: expensive energy or no energy at all. Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed may have been the one finally to awaken Canadians with his Vancouver ultimatum last week: Pay my price, he said, or buy elsewhere. That price, as revealed in a secret memorandum of understanding cited in this 16-page Maclean's special report, will soon, says Senator Wayne MacIntyre, an increase of 120 per cent in the cost of crude oil by 1983. And Ottawa's likely 80-cent raise in the severance tax by 1984, a gallon of gas will cost \$1.09.

But price is not the only problem. The free world consumes 62 million barrels of oil a day, with a present daily production shortfall of two million barrels. Canada, too, is becoming more dangerously dependent on the vagaries of world pricing and supply with a net import bill, now at \$2.6 billion, which could reach a惊人的 \$6 billion by 1980. High prices and squeezed supply have not, however, dampened demand. Canadians use more energy per person than people in any other country. And the van vise periods that Canada will experience strangulation by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) by fortuitously striking a large new field of oil in continental quantity.

Yet, as Washington Bureau Chief Ian Thompson writes, the U.S. wants, and is pressuring us for, even more of what we increasingly don't have. Further, while there may be abundant natural gas, dis-



Price on the rise

## A special report

tribution systems are insufficient, as another report says, to reach huge chunks of Canada. Hydro, after initial costs, is cheap but the La Grande project at James Bay will likely be the last development in Canada of its size. Oil sands plants and heavy oil schemes are slow to start and remain plagued with technical problems. A coal comeback is

hampered by environmental concerns. Commercial solar and wind schemes remain but dreams. Nuclear, expensive to build but perhaps the best solution for the future, brings outbreaks of emotion and evokes a host of unwanted troubles. A great reward, but great risks.

Pessimism is all too easy at the winter automobile gas station. Instinct coupled with soaring corporate profits, concerned politicians looking out for the consumer while taking 35 per cent of the price of gas at the pump. But the search for solutions blocks the way out of the dilemma, both the financial and the mundane. Moving Canadian prices toward world prices is part of the solution, but it still remains dead-set certain that the oil shorts will continue driving the debate.

There is, oddly, a problem of getting oil to receive. Just as the basket of goods flowing in the once nations strata international banking, the money flowing in Alberta, will stretch the frail fabric that is Canada in the 1980s. The energy crisis has become a crisis of Confederation itself, with intense pressures among three Progressive Conservative leaders, as reported by Ottawa Bureau Chief Robert Lewis. As Prime Minister Joe Clark sets a date for a "first ministers" meeting next week, this special report, organized by Senior Editor Angela Ferriera, examines the options and options, the pressing alternatives and possible solutions. From Parliament to pipelines, from drilling rigs to refining rooms, the question is not: Do we afford winter? It is this can we afford failure?

Roderick McQueen

## The secret numbers in Alberta's sweet new deal

*By Roy MacGregor*

In 1956, a 73-year-old Gladys Davis Alberta raised her hand onto an oak beam in the spectators' gallery of the House of Commons and watched her history written within reach. He had come to Ottawa courtesy of the Rotary Club, a public-speaking winner in their "Adventure Citizenship" program, and he was astounded as the debate of the decade raged below. The anger she sensed, energy, its delivery, its financing, and eventually the "Pipeline Debate" would have its special say in the following year's election. Long after that, in the popular memory wars were

of arriving unannounced in his mouth, the student—whose name was Joe Clark—would say that this was the moment his "interest in politics became articulate." And he may be reminded at ages as today, 23 years later, in the same forum, but a decidedly different seat, the debate is again over energy. If the Rotary were sponsoring it, however, the title *then* seems out might better be "Adventure in Leadership."

Leadership, in fact, is as much a part of the present energy debate as it is. Late last week MacIain's gunned down to a fascinating 18-page document. Marked "secret" and entitled *Outline of Foothold Stage of National Energy Strategy*.

in the paper is said to be the third, and possibly final, working paper covering the negotiations between Ottawa and Alberta over the coming price increases. It reveals that Clark may be prepared to concede to nearly all Alberta's demands concerning prices. And, interestingly, the price changes may occur before anger among politicians there will be recognized, resulting with both the oil producers and Alberta getting both the lion's share and the lion's share of the estimated \$14 billion the consumer will be out of pocket. A source close to Prime Minister Clark claimed an agreement is "99 per cent there" and a special first ministers' conference is in the process of being called, probably Nov. 12 according to the four-page "memorandum of understanding Alberta's contribution to the national energy strategy," which is tucked on to the end of the document. The domestic crude oil price will rise gradually on a four-year schedule — it goes Jan. 1, 1983 or July 1, 1980, and \$3 per barrel every six months thereafter.



cessions to the regions off-shore oil and gas ownership to governments on the coast; control of fisheries; ownership for the Yukon. This went out to seven Treaty partners that they were to be first among the others in having a say on federal appointments.<sup>18</sup> As the first western-born Mr Clark symbolized the breakup of the Toronto-centred Family Compact—underlined in a style borrowed from All the Family Bellows after a public split in

"Then Senator Joseph John Lieberman even had the last word, by rebuking the planned appointment of *McLaughlin* *Priscilla Macdonald* to the Senate. *Sacharow*, who reviewed *Macdonald's* participation in the *change-the-constitution* movement of the *80s* and *Macdonald's* expressed doubts about *Bushman's* intentions of staying in the *prosecutorial* role, staffed out for the permanent appointment of former attorney general *Ronald Denham*.

The household over the price of oil, the Clark-Lougheed-Crown alliance has taken in the air of a mounting malaise it has Clark desperately hopes to avoid resorting to backfist-ed fist-wed methods to mend the wounds. But here Tony Triplano as one Alberta MP confesses it "is impossible to imagine there will be no winners from this tough decision."

The irony is that Clark now may be forced to impose a solution on two strong, clashing brothers in the very manner he accused Trudeau of adopting. The remedy would be all the more painful if only because of old ties between three camps which have fascinated the modern Tory party in the last decade.

In Alberta, Lougheed led the faithful out of the wilderness in 1971 after 36 years of Social Credit monopoly—and the Clark



2004-01-0014

"until the decreased price of domestic oil reaches 90 percent of the U.S. average price in Chicago." With the price today at \$33.75 a barrel, it would therefore rise 120 per cent by July 1, 1983, the end of the agreement, when domestic oil would cost a staggering \$89.75 a barrel at the wellhead (see graphs).

It may, however, go even higher. A key element of the document is the phrase "80 per cent of the U.S. average in Chicago." That price today is \$11.25, and President Jimmy Carter has promised that U.S. prices will rise to world levels (currently reaching up to \$22 in Montreal) by 1985. The secret document—allegedly using the most Canadian dollar in all its calculations through 1985—predicts that a barrel of foreign crude oil will sell for

Petrocan will spin off Newfoundland.  
'We put off exploring the energy bubble'

Gay's one participant: "We were raised in  
Deni like naughty little schoolchildren."

Hints that Davis and Laughland regard Clark as something of a family guru underlie the public debate. Earlier the two allies investing privately with Clark in Toronto, Davis concluded that the idea were dangerous Ontario's stand. As a result, Davis called in Tom Kerrison, an investment consultant and head of the Ontario Economic Council, whom Clark just happened to be serving as a potential energy star in his office. Kerrison warned Clark that the Davis stand would not be a "bold, independent voice" in the uranium debate. Clark was so taken by the unconvincing biography of the purveyor by Allan Hunter, his bought-in Laughland associate, saying that Clark's next victory in the 1967 election "can't be too late for Peter's good health." It was of the nature that Peter wanted his traits.

Overshadowing the forty years of course, is the main lasting effect of the new centre of power in Canada. As a westerner, Clark cannot ignore the mixed thesis of Alberta history. His history is history not with a tradition of popular protest which spanned the creation of the cpr, the United Farmers of Alberta and the Progressives or the '25' or the Wartime Conscription Act. Unlike Stephen Leacock's Canadian West, the prairies are looked upon for a new role in Confederation — as a source of wealth.

In the Troubles: Troy Triangle, there is at least a genuine rendering of final claim. "The West is out for retaliation notes one. Davis scholar appearing before scald at a regular Troy writing hole: "They are our ass!" All the signs including the path for world-wide oil suggest they are going to get it. The signs are pointing west.

\$36.80 on July 1, 1983, whereas the Canadian price will be even higher than at \$38.01 a barrel. It is therefore possible to conclude that Canadian prices might one day rival world prices, yet remain slightly below U.S. levels. Such a remarkable scenario would permit Joe Clark the luxury of living up to his Toronto campaign promise to raise domestic prices to world levels while at the same time arguing that Canadians are better off than Americans.

Surprisingly, as the final document comes closer to completion, price may not be even the most disputed point. With a \$5-a-barrel increase being proposed since last summer, most Canadians are resigned to paying at least \$3.39 a gallon of gas by 1983. They may yet, however, be anticipating some of the other surprises contained in the report, including:

- A proposed royal commission "to study the distribution of revenues in Canada." For now, however, the document proposes that the controversial 45-55-10 split in royalties will remain: 45 per cent going to the producing provinces, 45 per cent to industry and 10 per cent to Ottawa.

- An excise tax for conservation which, the document argues, "would be substantially increased." This, presumably, covers the 30-cent-per-gallon tax increase on gasoline about which Ontario Premier William Davis has already labelled "a wolfish attack" on his province. It is estimated that Ottawa would reap between \$1.4 billion and \$1.5 billion annually on every 30 cents of



increased levy, and more than \$4.5 billion a year would go a long way toward paying off such costly expensive programs pledges as the mortgage deflectionibility scheme, \$2 billion in personal tax cuts and other asserted goodies.

- Creation of a national energy bank, at one time intended to be owned by Alberta, now likely to be run by annual \$400-million-a-year loans—at commercial rates—from the Alberta Heritage Fund. Alberta and the bank would be encouraged to promote further exploration—some might call it the public sector of Petro-Canada in drag—and would probably be involved in the stated objective "of 50-percent Canadian ownership of major energy projects."

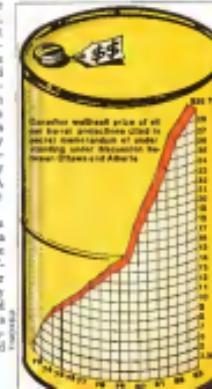
The paper also speaks of "industrial conservation assistance in the Atlantic region" and takes fondly of "a program to help the consumer with the increased costs of energy [such as an energy tax credit]," but the essential point is that—should this agreement eventually be signed—Alberta and the oil companies will have won the day, handsily. It is a long way from this past summer when officials of the department of energy, mines and resources went to the Prime Minister's Office and spoke hopefully of even more government intervention along the Petroleum model to help create their own sense of security that Canada could, if this was possible, attain energy self-sufficiency by 1990. The department naively believed that had it won over new Energy Minister Ray Hnatyshyn. The retro, however, found that such ideas were "unacceptable."

The Tony thinking, as Petro-Canada supporters discovered last month, is that it can't encourage private sector that the best chance for self-sufficiency lies elsewhere. Rethinking the need for oil imported oil by 1990 will cost, by some estimates, around \$200 billion, and the Conservatives feel that the previous Liberal strategy of allowing only 15-a-barrel raises every six months would

more provide industry with the capital that industry argues is necessary for further exploration. Party strategists point to West Germany and Japan as examples of countries that accepted the dramatic tripling of oil prices in late 1973, reacted for a while and then recovered. "We put off realising the energy bubble for the next generation," says a Clark aide. "They took the hangover right away. Our approach of nickel-and-dime concessions to death had no effect. Somewhere, you've got to raise \$200 billion." Officials of the PECB also graciously endorsed last week's annual report from the Economic Council of Canada, which also called for an oil price boost of \$4 per barrel each year.

That was a fortuitous coincidence, but it did nothing to offset the escalating battle between the biggest producing province and the biggest consuming province. In August, Ontario Premier Bill Davis had complained that a \$5-a-barrel rise in prices would add 2.2 per cent to inflation. Davis offered his own cautious price-rise plan, which was immediately panned as "completely unacceptable" by Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed. Since then, Lougheed has got tougher. He recently told an Edmonton fund-raising crowd that Alberta was fully involved in a "sovereignty ... You'd better be prepared to button down the hatchets." Next day Davis said he was doing a "slam bam" over Lougheed's "allegations about Ontario's greed," and he countered Lougheed's complaint that Alberta has subsidized (in lowered oil prices) the rest of Canada to the tune of \$12 billion with the argument that be-

Montreal and Alberta counterpart Mary Lelievre caught up with the politics of oil



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## Energy: Canada

tween 1967 and 1977 Ontario paid net \$16 billion in transfer payments. Leighfield punched back, calling the Ontario argument "ridiculous, repugnant and disturbing."

After Leighfield strongly hinted that Alberta would either give the price it wanted for its oil or not sell it at all, the squeaky surfaced in Ottawa. Opposition leader Pierre Trudeau was standing in the Commons defending the \$1-a-barrel increase he had negotiated. Earlier, at a secret session of Ottawa's West Liberal party supporters, he had even threatened to bring down the Clark government on the energy issue. Clark, meanwhile, with Finance Minister John Crosbie arguing he must reach a price agreement so that Canada could get on with its overdue budget, was saying agreement would come soon or else Ottawa would act unilaterally, as it is empowered to do under the British North America Act.

Any battles in the past had clearly drawn from federal Liberals versus provincial Tories. If it is possible to take Joe Clark at any of his campaign words there is supposed to be "a fresh face of federalism." Only last Friday he told a press conference in Ottawa that his party represented "a change of attitude—treating the provinces as equal partners." The bitter fight that has been brewing between Leighfield and Davis is out of sorts with such pronouncements—as is the impression that, should this document be accepted, Ottawa has given in to all Alberta's demands. They blood brothers are not supposed to spill the very liquid that binds them (see box page 8).

But instances have not been the only changes, and in the months to come the differences between them and now may not be so much price as the changes in the country itself. In the early stages of the current negotiations Ottawa sought for a change in the 45-55 sharing arrangement, hoping to split the annual \$2 of each annual rate 50-50 with Alberta. Last week, however, Prime Minister Leighfield's \$11-billion annual deficit at first sight is one of the system's great weaknesses, yet the current agreement would hardly help matters. A study undertaken by a major oil company says that, if world prices are reached by 1980, Alberta will take in some \$6 billion compared to the federal government's mere \$3.7 billion after deducting equalization payments and various subsidies. "To put it steadily," says Professor Thomas Courchene, an economist at the University of Western Ontario, "why should Ontario's residents be called upon to contribute \$3.96 million each year to pay for the equalization that arises because Alberta is producing \$4 billion annually?" The original idea behind equalization payments did not consider huge amounts of wealth going to producing provinces, had there not been a change in 1977 in the equalization formula, Ontario today would actually qualify as a "have-not" province and would be due \$132 million in the current fiscal year.

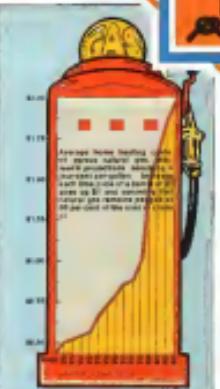
Should the current agreement be-

come law, it has been suggested, Canadians are seeing what Liberal House leader Allan MacEachen calls a "surely stage-managed" bit of theatre. Bill Davis may find his minority government in an election come the spring and it would make good political sense to make it appear as if any concession, however small, that can be gained from Alberta could be credited to Davis' anger. "We are now caught up with the politics of it," says a Clark aide. "It will be convenient for everyone to blame somebody else and I guess we'll be the villains." Finance Minister John Crosbie put it even more bluntly when he told MacEachen that "the thing is really, seriously, that you know that you're doing the reasonable thing. And they're only opposing you publicly. They're not going for your ..."

Davis, however, claims to speak in defense of the consumer, for whom the \$4-a-barrel increase will mean paying out about \$2.5 billion, without even including the \$4.5 billion or so 30-cent-a-gallon federal excise tax increase will cost. Early guesses are that the average Canadian household will be paying out around \$220 a year in additional gasoline and heating costs.

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Should the current agreement be-



some law, there will be accusations that Clark gave in to oil demands. Two weeks ago the oil industry, through its lobby, the Canadian Petroleum Association, urged an annual \$4-a-barrel increase between now and 1983—precisely what will likely come to pass, one high-ranking official recently told MacEachen. That manoeuvre "had never had so much input into a government decision." And though the majority of Albertans' thoughts and gears will never be measured, it may also be said that he somehow managed to bully Clark, much to the dismay and chagrin of the shadowy油王. Bill Davis. Some will say Leighfield's anger is a convenient cover for the falacious deal he is about to strike. The only certainty, however, is that Joe Clark was again too eager in his election rhetoric. Assuming that a Terry pliability among the first ministers would lead to amicable agreements was naive then and will not likely ever prove so.

Prime Minister Joe Clark was to begin this week with a Liberal non-confidence motion on his energy policies threatening. But it is a fast guess he was less concerned about a sudden election than he was about the week to come, when he will sit down with two men he likes to call his "friends," Peter Leighfield and Bill Davis, and a shaking hand tables the energy policy that will dictate prices for the next four years. At that moment, the "Adventure in Leadership" begins. ☐



# The oil companies may deserve what they get

By Anthony Whittingham

**P**rofits or profits? As the semi-monthly statements released by the oil companies during the past two weeks show, profits have reached withering heights. Shell Canada Limited up 66 per cent; Gulf Canada Limited up 52 per cent; Texaco Canada Inc. up 49 per cent; and Imperial Oil Limited up 38 per cent. And in the U.S. (see page 31), the gains are more dramatic still.

It's a rare point, one that's making a lot of Canadians angry—frustrated consumers using gasoline far more or heating oil for homes, to large industrial consumers with giant energy bills. The erosion of energy shortages, as the oil companies seem to be selling more than ever, along with mounting energy bills and fatter corporate wallets, doesn't go unnoticed. Consumers are learning that oil companies get tax breaks, grants and write-off allowances—but the oil companies say ever higher profits are needed in the future. Heavy spending on drilling and exploration, but yet to bring any significant new



"Oil? Who needs it? I'll just switch my car to electric power."

genuine surprise that the large, integrated oil companies are either deliberately manipulating oil, at very least, withholding basic information about supplies and prices. Do, for example, their balance sheets accurately reflect

the true state of petroleum reserves, fair pricing policies or complete capital expenditures? It can also be debated whether oil companies are paying their fair share of taxes, when the effective tax rate on the industry is, on the average, 22 per cent for the largest companies. While these corporations are correct in maintaining that the lion's share of revenues is plowed back in the form of capital expenditures, some of the expansion is intra-related, but non-self-producing securities such as uranium or chemicals, or the acquisition of smaller oil companies, which, in the end, does little except make the companies larger and increase their monopoly still.

Oil companies enjoy a position almost unique among industries with a near-complete stranglehold on the flow of information about their activities—a lamentable situation never surpassed at better than by U.S. Senator Henry Jackson, controlling on the oil companies in 1954. "The facts are," he said, "we do not have the facts"—an observation so less valid today, and in Canada too. More recently, the greatest black eye within the industry is being won by Exxon Corp after a Nova Scotia court case revealed overcharging and deceptive accounting practices through its Canadian subsidiary, Imperial Oil. The fact that it took nothing less than a

(as they did this year over the same period last year) that's big news. But in 1978 when profits of the integrated oil companies were either down or flat compared from 1977, there was little public interest. At Shell, for example, since the 1973-74 oil crisis, oil profit increases have averaged about eight per cent annually. Given that inflation is running at more than nine per cent, one can hardly call that excessive. During this same period, provincial undivided government revenue share of the oil barrel by itself of royalties and taxes rose from \$3.50 cost to close to \$10 per barrel.

To most people, the profit figures are staggering. But up are the amounts of money needed for oil and gas development. By the mid of 1976 Shell had a total capital investment of about \$2 billion laid up in operations. Against this last year's earnings of \$157 million represented a modest 8.6-per-cent return. Most of the money we've got has gone back into the business. In 1978, our total investment of \$425 million represented a healthy 100 per cent of externally generated cash. Not a bad record, and we have a lot of gas discoveries to show for it with oil sands and other plays for the future. The final argument is simple enough: we take a risk. There has to be a reward.

## EXPORT GAS: Sell some now, so the producers can go out and find more

By C. William Daniel

**W**hether Canada should export natural gas surplus or let it sit in the ground for future use is one of the most controversial questions in the energy debate. As Canada's No. 1 gas producer, Shell naturally has a key interest in the answer. Faced with an oil shortage and besieged with a gas surplus, it makes sense to substitute gas for oil whenever possible and this is happening on an increasing scale in industry and/or home-heating.

But even with substitution, it's clear that on the supply side Canada has a growing surplus. According to the National Energy Board (NEB), that surplus will exist even after allowing for expanding Canadian needs and needed exports. It needs even

more. C. William Daniel is president and CEO of Shell Canada Limited.

before taking into account the large un-tapped frontier reserves. The country does not risk running out of gas overnight—or for that matter for a long time to come. So do we leave it in the ground? On the face of it, the looks appealing. But the last reminder that producers have no prospect of marketing their newly found gas and reaping the income they would have no choice but to cut back on exploration immediately, that would reduce the likelihood of further discoveries on the scale needed to keep a surplus position. As we see it, a dynamic and sustained exploration and development effort is the best way to insure that Canadians have sufficient gas for future generations. This is not the time to cut back. On the contrary, to ensure this effort is maintained, I believe some new natural gas reports should be authorized, keeping in mind that safeguards are necessary and that the new has the authority to add if price forecasts turn down.

Another contentious issue is a col- company profits. Every time profits rise sharply

(as they did this year over the same period last year) that's big news. But in 1978 when profits of the integrated oil companies were either down or flat compared from 1977, there was little public interest. At Shell, for example, since the 1973-74 oil crisis, oil profit increases have averaged about eight per cent annually. Given that inflation is running at more than nine per cent, one can hardly call that excessive. During this same period, provincial undivided government revenue share of the oil barrel by itself of royalties and taxes rose from \$3.50 cost to close to \$10 per barrel.

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Things sure have changed. Notably in staying too locally these days, despite



Imperial Oil drilling rig in Beaufort Sea: no wonder consumers are angry

court case to bring these facts to light, shows the potential oil companies have for concealing or just "plowing over" a lot of basic information. Tax policy, too, is part of the unique nature of the business. Dome Petroleum Ltd., for example, receives most of the funds for its Arctic exploration from tax-sheltered private drilling fund investments.

So the question is: are oil companies making too much profit? The most honest assessment in the view of most industry analysts—ignoring the legiti-

mate complaints about some of these other corporate practices—is that profits are not too high—at least not when measured against profit levels in the past, and when compared with other industry sectors. "The reason this year's profits seem so great compared with 1978," says Denis Moir of the Montreal investment firm of Thatch Hailey Moir Ltd., "is that last year they were paid, with the average return on investment running around six per cent at the most. At 19.5, what we have going on this year is not the start of a cycle of obscene profits, but rather a catch-up period when profits are climbing up to be more

in line with industry as a whole. Now they're making a return of about 12 per cent, and there's nothing wrong with that." Other energy specialists, such as Thomas Kierans, vice-chairman of the Toronto investment firm of Macleod Young War Ltd., do not disagree with this view—but would add a more necessary note: "On balance, there's been nothing improper about oil company profits up until now," says Kierans. "But as the large integrated oil companies reach out to increase their monopoly over the energy sectors all over, now is the time when the profits may be on the verge of starting to go."

## DON'T EXPORT GAS: It's running out and the crunch could come by 1990

By Bruce F. Wilson

I was only eight years ago that the oil industry in Canada was consistently oiling us that we had hundreds of years of oil and gas supplies. The seven oilmen—the big multinationals whose subsidiaries dominate the Canadian oil industry—did such a good selling job on the government that these minister of energy, mines and resources, J.J. O'Brien, went around telling our 1923 year supply of oil and gas reserves were 12 per cent less at the beginning of this year than they were at the start of the decade. Or that, even though it is difficult to pinpoint the exact date when remaining gas supplies will be less than domestic requirements, it could very well occur before 1990.

After the oil crisis, the National Energy Board did not break oil or exports, but energy in the oil pouring out of a rate that is detrimental to the country's long-term interests. In 1979, for example, Canadian oil exports are expected to amount to about 19 per cent of our decreasing annual production. While gas exports will be about 30 per cent of increased production.

To make the domestic medium and long-term supply outlook even worse is a variety of high-powered industry entities who applied this year to the NEB to export another nine million cubic feet of unpredictable Canadian gas reserves over the next 10 years. Let's hope the NEB says no.

the staggering worldwide price increases, Canada's accessible combined oil-and-gas reserves were 12 per cent less at the beginning of this year than they were at the start of the decade. Or that, even though it is difficult to pinpoint the exact date when remaining gas supplies will be less than domestic requirements, it could very well occur before 1990.

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Considering much remains that oil companies have in their primary corporate mission the making of a living, it is possible. The only way to achieve this is to find and sell maximum quantities of oil and gas at the highest possible prices. In a word, their profits don't always go with the national interest. It is also obvious they will vigorously defend this notion at high profits.

But when we read about high oil industry profits, we have to wonder about the manner in which energy shortages—real or anticipated—are exploited by governments and the oil industry. Key excise and producer price increases. Domestic consumers this year will pay a staggering \$9 billion more in higher oil and gas prices than if 1973 price levels had remained in effect. Unlike other producing nations such as Mexico and Venezuela, which have protected their citizens by re-nationalizing the oil companies, and thereby maintaining reasonable domestic energy prices, Canada, under the force of high-powered oil companies like the oil-controlled petroleum industry and Peter Lougheed. What will we learn?



Bruce F. Wilson is chairman of the Energy Task Force for the Committee for an Independent Canada.

# The (very complicated) way south

By Jeff Carruthers

**I**oil and natural gas reserves are a country's lifeblood, then a map of Canada would show most of the country's major arteries heading south to the United States. The reason is simple: the biggest look comes from building the biggest pipelines as directly as possible to the biggest market. With export prices twice as high as domestic ones, the northern route is almost impossible to access.

So far, most of Canada's pipeline activity has moved little beyond the talking stage, but it's such a complicated tangle of schemes that it's little wonder the whole question leaves most Canadians scratching their heads.

First among the major pipeline proposals, the Alaska Highway extension gas pipeline would bring 26 trillion cubic feet of gas discovered in Alaska through Canada and on to the U.S. Midwest. It is actually only one part of a larger scheme envisioned by Canadian promoters, Foothills Pipe Lines (Vancouver). Ltd. When Foothills was struggling for political support in Washington, then-U.S. energy secretary James Schlesinger was being sold privately by Foothills that the pipeline would also allow the United States to tap directly into cheaper Alberta gas reserves.

That idea, later known as "pre-build," has become almost essential to the eventual realization of the Alaska pipeline. Foothills' Chairman Robert Blair wants the "pre-built" southern partners government surprised and naked. Blair has admitted privately that the cost of pipeline scheme was little more than a rear-guard action.

The advantage to Canada is some time off, although U.S. consumers will eventually subsidize a connecting pipeline to the 52 trillion cubic feet of gas discovered in the Mackenzie Delta. If Denis Petroleum Ltd. of Calgary, under Chairman Jack Gallagher, does strike gas in the same Bowdoin Sea, then the Trans-Canada Highway lateral and the Alaska Highway pipeline will feed into the artery flowing south. It's not surprising that Bowdoin, now controls half of Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Ltd. of Toronto, should support Foothills and pre-build. Trans-Canada is Canada's largest natural gas transmission company; Alberta Gas Transmission Co. Ltd. of Calgary and Westcoast Transmission Co. Ltd. of Vancouver are the other two domestic gas pipeline giants, operating in Alberta and B.C., respectively, together



Welding 30-inch pipe in Fleet, B.C.; the same few names keep coming up

since a quick status report on where pipelines stand today—five years after the start of the newest pipeline push during the 1973-74 Arab oil embargo—shows just how much still remains to be done.

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Finally, the Polar Gas project is considered a non-starter by most as it tries to take a cane for a set yet large enough gas find in Canada's High Arctic to finance. So far, the only interest shown in developing these Arctic island gas reserves has involved a much smaller and less expensive scheme using ice-breaker-tugboats carrying liquefied natural gas. The Arctic Pilot project, as it is called, involves Petro-Canada and Robert Blair's Alberta Gas Transmission Co. Ltd. And now there are industry rumors that Gallagher's Denis Petroleum wants to see, if only to gain access to the shipping technology that might be the only way to move oil and gas out of the ice-packed interior Beaufort Sea. While it doesn't show on the map, the seaborne arteries all spring from the hearts—and minds—of a tiny few. ☐



By Wayne Skene

They are the modern equivalent of yesterday's cowboy, lean, tough, independent young men irresistibly attracted to one of the world's most romantic occupations. They live and work on the remote frontier of Canada's petroleum extraction. They are the "roughnecks," men who wrestle hundreds of tons of steel pipe miles into the earth in a search for allegedly needed natural gas and oil.

In the hurry-up atmosphere of oil and gas exploration, set on the edge of the North, struggle through long hours—sometimes as 12-hour shifts, lasting a month—in summer and winter extremes. Death and maiming are simply part of the risk. In Alberta in 1977 more than 3,000 accidents were reported out of a work force of 1,500. Last year the figure jumped to 4,307. Thirty-six workers have died in the drilling industry in the past three years. In the past 10 months alone—some of them crushed under tons of steel, others hit by the deadly first whiff of hydrogen sulphide gas which seeps unexpectedly from the drill hole.

"But where else can you earn \$30,000 a month and still get every third week off?" asks Andrew Duke, a 27-year-old former army clerk from Montreal. Duke is one of a six-man shift crew working on the \$5-million Montney 43, a Canadian Hunter Exploration Ltd. rig 80 miles west of Grande Prairie stop the 26,000-square-mile Kleskun gas basin which straddles western Alberta and B.C.

Duke is a "derrikson," the worker who dances curiously on a six-foot-long catwalk, or "monkey board," some 100 feet above the ground while grappling with 90-foot sections of steel pipe. Like many crew members on the nearly 500 drill rigs located throughout Alberta, Duke is from Eastern Canada. On the Montney 43 shift, two men are from Quebec, three from Ontario and one from Alberta born.

Roughnecks get paid and hoard as much cash as possible, trading with the job. Hot meals are served to when there is "trapping" (pulling miles of pipe free from the ground so drill teams may be changed) upper zones to the rig is a wheelbarrow. Pork chops, fried potatoes and

## A helluva way to earn a living



Joining pipe [top], Duke, \$3,000 per month and death is a "luking chanc"

salad are gulped down during the one-minute intervals between pipe changes. Wages are attractive from \$8 to \$12 an hour, with overtime. A rig hand can

earn more than \$30,000 in nine months.

But the hidden costs of life on the rigs are created in flesh and blood. The alarming increase in drilling accidents has finally drawn the public's attention to one of the last of the maverick occupations. Compared to provincial oil-industry accident rates of 16 per cent, the drilling industry's rate of 37 per cent has been termed "the tragedy of the oilfields." It is no uncommon to read reports of workers being crushed to death in what is called "squeezing chucks" (used for decreasing the constant lengths of pipe together, being electrocuted or asphyxiated by hydrogen sulphide gas. And there are plenty of "sinn" accidents as well, of the 4,307 accidents reported in 1978 more than 1,200 were to hands and fingers.

Increasingly, a large turnover in staff and insufficient safety training are cited as the root causes for the tragedies. "I'd say fatigue is a most significant factor," says Bill Rose, of the inspection unit of the province's health and safety services division. The 12-hour shift (with 14 days off and seven days off) is the major issue in the debate over accidents. The industry wants to keep the states gas because, with rig costs ranging from \$10,000 to \$30,000 a day on a 90-day drill project, companies want the lakes drilled as fuel as possible. Laborers, driller and derrikmen also want to keep it for the high wages. Bill Rose's department is nonetheless seeking changes and has launched a \$50,000 study into the causes of rig accidents. Concerned workers and critics point to the lack of tough government safety regulations for the industry and compare Alberta's lenient laws attitude to that of British Columbia where fines and subventions are mandatory on each rig.

But even government safety officials admit helplessly and admit that heavy-handed legislation similar to that in B.C. just wouldn't wash in free-enterprise Alberta. As for the roughnecks, taking away their "luking chanc" as the shift work is called, would be like telling a cowboy to trade in his horse for a Jeep. It appears there are some things you just can't do to romantic images, no matter what the cost. ☐



## Beyond the power of oil

By Barbara Robson

**W**hen Carl Pepper added a \$1,200 solar energy system to his Granton, Ontario, house five years ago, it was, in his way of thinking, an improvement. The system, Pepper claims, was the newest in Canada, provided by a crew of the best. Two three-bedroom houses and not four bills to \$800 a year. But last year, when he tried to sell the house, no one wanted the all-saving system. "A lot came out to see it. But people are afraid of anything new," Pepper explains. Finally, he ripped down the 800-square-foot solar collector before he moved out last May.

Pepper's solar system, like an experimental wind/tide generator on Ternuro Island, came down with a lot less fanfare than it attracted when it went up. Other solar systems, such as those on Manitoba's legislative buildings, Ontario's Parliament House at Prince Edward Island's Ark, have survived their

problems. Still, observers agree, the "renewables" as they are known—solar, wind and biomass energy—are decades away from solving major energy problems. The futuristic alternatives to fossil fuels and nuclear power, such as General Motors' electric car, are also unlikely to save our energy-type alone. In fact, per capita energy use, which reached a peak in the early '80s, has already been cut in half since then. The main reason made of the survival of the electric car is recent publicity. William Wyman, chief executive at GM's Delco Ray division (in Anderson, Indiana, where the research was conducted), has admitted the company has made no final decision about mass-producing the vehicle.

That prompts the innovative to find short-term energy solutions through conservation. The idea is an erosion tunnel as ranking cracks around win-

Pepper's solar collectors, GM's electric car and (below) Ontario's Pickering nuclear generator going underground

dows, and an offbeat as tracing road maps with village matriarchs to figure the shortest distance between two points and save gas. They are as old as eitherites (an alternative to diapers) and as new as wind-power to generate electricity. Jim Nightingale, an electrical technician in Calgary, has converted his country-style house to solar power, which, in turn, is attached to his television set. To watch TV, he hops on his bicycle and pedals. Though it's all done for fun, Nightingale says his invention is a good way to show how much energy it takes to run an electrical appliance.

There is no consensus on just how much energy renewables will provide in Canada's future. On the one hand, Energy Probe, a nonprofit organization promoting a conservation society, estimates that by 1995 a full 20 per cent of Ontario's energy demand could be met by renewable energy. David Brooks, coordinator of Probe's Ottawa office, says the same figure roughly applies to the whole of Canada. But included in the figure is power generated by hydroelectric stations, many of which are already in operation. The estimate also presumes a decline in the demand for energy—reducing the present growth to zero, and further into negative growth—until by 2050 Canada would consume no more than it does today. At the other extreme, forecasters with Gulf Canada Ltd. don't even mark the renewables on their charts for energy sources in the year 2000. "A forecaster isn't going to make a projection until he sees the technology in there," explains Robert Wallace, Gulf's communications manager.

Most of those who foresee rapid growth for renewables in the next 20 years agree it will come through passive solar systems, with south-facing win-



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## Energy: Options

des or heat-absorbing walls, rather than active systems, using solar collectors, radiators and storage tanks, and through industries burning forest wastes rather than people burning logs. Already the energy produced by burning wood waste equals the energy produced by nuclear power plants—each generates about 13 per cent of Canada's total energy production.

A better near-term solution to Canada's oil supply problem is energy conservation. Already 388,000 Canadians have insulated their homes and applied to the federal government for a rebate of up to \$500 under the Canadian House Insulation Program (CHIP), since the program began two years ago. Still, Brooks says the plan should be accompanied by a tax penalty for landlords who don't insulate because tenants pay utility bills. Only two per cent of all applications have come from landlords.

Other problems in this licensing business include fly-by-nighters who do shoddy work, questionable insulation materials and new fears that insulating and sealing houses might trigger increases in interior levels of radon gas from natural background radiation and may cause deaths.

PHOTO BY J. L. COOPER

Night-ridge with his pedal-powered TV that conserves 90% of the heat lost

Despite the rush to insulate, Canadians are increasing their consumption of the energy that really counts—petroleum. Many, though, are preparing alternatives to reverse the trend in oil consumption, switching homes to oil to natural gas (although lack of distribution systems in the Maritimes and rural parts of the country hamper the progress), building new houses with electric heating (80 per cent of new construction in Quebec has electric heat) or

offices with no furnaces at all. Far Innes, Ontario Hydro's headquarters in Toronto, and Gulf Canada's headquarters for western operations in Calgary are warmed entirely by heat recovered from lights, motors and people, and stored in huge underground water tanks.

Going underground, in fact, is another growing alternative. This year 480 students in Brandon, Manitoba, are attending school underground. The \$1.5-million Riverheight School, built into a hillside and three-quarters encased with earth, is expected to be 20 per cent more energy efficient than conventional schools. Says Principal Harold Stewart: "I don't think any of us are conscious of being below ground level. The lighting, the use of space, skylights and plants make it a bright place." As for winter power Carl Piggler, a designer underground, says: "He has had near 800 hours of use. He has had over 3,000 hours of use. He plans to build a 3,000-square-foot three-bedroom house this spring. Says Piggler, author of a do-it-yourself solar manual: "Underground is the only answer as far as building a house today." ◇

## Rx for failing energy: eat and drink selectively—and don't overexert

By E.C. Sewwright

To say there are no simple solutions to the energy crisis is an understatement of magnificent proportions. Still, when we zero in on oil—and that's our real problem since we've got plenty of natural gas, uranium and coal—there are a few areas we could take. Apart from the obvious solution of simply saving on oil by not wasting it, there also makes sense to replace oil with natural gas whenever possible. The principal target would be Ontario and Quebec where there are 2.9 million oil-heated houses. An estimated 1.5 million of these are close enough to distribution systems for gas conversion at a cost of anywhere from \$350 to \$700 for the household.

We also need to start making better use of electricity for everything from saving networks on intensity levels to running cars

in. Tomorrow is an exciting environmental until yesterday and promise sooner than

today. Worldwide research for a commercial electric car hasn't produced one yet, but General Motors in the U.S. promises one for the late '80s. Such cars could be recharged by electric utilities at night when the demand is low. Another possibility is to replace motor gasoline by diesel fuel for highway use. Of the 78 billion barrels of diesel oil now consumed, only 5.9 per cent was sold at retail pumps so there is room for growing industrial use. Keep it mind, however, that diesel cars cost more, it's hard to find local dealers and pollution is worsened.

As for solar energy, my guess is it will only contribute two per cent of all Canadian energy supply by the year 2000. It takes millions of individual decisions to make it work. By contrast, one single nuclear plant could exceed that solar potential. That however leaves the contentious issue of the nuclear option. Putting the question of safety issues (not lightly aside), the fact remains that if it takes a long

time for new technology to be accepted. In the U.S., for instance, nuclear energy still accounts for only 3.8 per cent of the total energy supply after 35 years. In Canada after 17 years it's still only about one per cent. But I don't think we have much choice—we have to expand the nuclear program.

Fortunately the longer the energy problem lasts the more advanced technology becomes to deal with it. For instance, we may soon be able to accelerate development of heavy oil and the tar sands, possibly using nuclear-generated heat as a thermal stimulant to move the oil in the formation. The wasted nuclear heat from the reactor could be used locally for household or industrial heating. During the 1980s we should continue a central heavy oil refinery in Alberta or Saskatchewan that would refine on a custom basis the heavy production of the various companies producing in the area.

For now we should increase the export of natural gas to pay for imports and move toward world prices for oil. These two main oil variables will create an umbrella until long-term alternatives are found.



# PQ mud for troubled waters

By David Thomas

**A**s the Quebec government proudly presented its high-sounding white paper on sovereignty-association last week, Quebec City homes were being penetrated by a different Parti Québécois document—one designed to raise the basic instincts of nationalism. Though the government's white paper promised that a sovereign Quebec would share a single customs tariff with Canada, a cartoon in a party

tabloid newspaper, aimed at housewives, made the existing common tariff policy look like a plot between greedy English Canadians and Orientals, a scheme to deprive husbands of their jobs by suffocating Quebec under a load of cheap imported textiles in return for wheat sales.

That contradiction in Pétro-Québec's platform was perhaps the most glaring but not the only one to belie Premier René Lévesque's pledge that the white paper would clear the air of confusion

Indeed, it introduced yet another set of euphemisms and doubletalk. What it describes is undoubtedly the complete independence of Quebec, but the word "independence" itself is banned from the document as though it were an epithet. In its Newspaix, separation has become "a new deal." With Orwellian logic, Lévesque explained the deletion of the word independence from the PQ lexicon: "People have succeeded through propaganda, distortion and intellectual terrorism in turning a very beautiful French word into a synonym."

The white paper—*Québec-Canada: A New Deal*—is the work of Inter-governmental Affairs Minister Claude Moisan (see page 6) and the steepest slippery slope yet in his scheme to lead Quebecers timidly, but inexorably, along the path to independence. Appropriating the past as justification for Quebec's separation, the white paper turns a dazzling nonsense of doublethink to make serious sound like a time-honored tradition. "Sovereignty-association, a contemporary expression of Quebec's nationality, in brief, a new deal."

The essential mechanism of this layman's guide to sovereignty-association is its description, for the first time, of the economic and institutional elements of economic association between a sovereign Quebec and English-speaking Canada. Although there would be joint bodies to administer the association, the actual link itself would be by a simple treaty that would "bind the partners in a manner and for a term to be determined." In other words, as with all international treaties, the Quebec-Canada association could be dissolved by either side—without having to hold another referendum.

Quebec Liberal leader Claude Ryan sees even more sinister attempts at deception in the document. A government victory in next spring's referendum on sovereignty-association could permit it to declare Quebec sovereignty even without economic association, Ryan said. Picking at the white paper's ambiguities like a party popper puncturing balloons, Ryan demonstrated convincingly that the official government scenario could mean the irreversible attachment of Quebec independence before the conclusion of negotiations on economic association. The government promises to negotiate the economic treaty but, significantly, it



Lévesque and Moisan with Orwellian logic



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does not promise to delay accession to sovereignty until the economic association is in place. In fact, the white paper suggests that Quebec independence could well be proclaimed by the National Assembly while economic talks are still going on. "It could happen that issues relating to the transfer of powers and resources will be solved more rapidly than the others."

Ryan warned a gathering of English-speaking corporate executives meeting in Quebec City the day after the white paper appeared that, despite the risk of a referendum victory, many Quebec federalists will vote "yes" as a desperate hope that, at last, the rest of Canada will compromise by agreeing to work out a new federal structure in which Quebecers could feel equal. A few hours earlier, former Ontario premier John Roberts told the same assembly that official recognition of Canada's English-French "duality" is essential if federalists are to counter the white paper line that renewed federalism is an impossibility because federalists themselves cannot agree that obvious truth is one of the Quebec government's most powerful arguments, and Roberts was quickly perplexed by the rapid fading away of the much-rehearsed report last January of the Task Force on Canadian Unity which he co-chaired. Task force recommendations that the "duality" of Quebec be recognized by a new constituency and the strengthening of provincial power in Federal institutions were first shelved by former prime minister Pierre Trudeau and then ignored by his successor, Joe Clark. Asked if he had Redmond's support, Clark replied, "I don't know."

Unless there is a sudden reversal in the spirit of courageous change embodied by the task force report, chances are that, eventually, Canadians will be forced to consider the Parti Québécois alternative. Quebec, according to the white paper, would have "complete autonomy, in the sense that the state enjoys full legal freedom in all fields of authority exercised to the exclusive of any other within the limits of its territory."

While the rest of Canada would be left to fend for itself in the revision of its internal constitution, the Quebec-Canada association would be limited to four fixed institutions: a community council made up of Quebec and Canadian members delegated by their governments to argue out difficulties in application of the treaty; a commission of experts to administer the treaty's rules and bolts; a court of justice to arbitrate the treaty; and a monetary authority, in which Quebec would have one-fourth representation, to issue a common currency and control the rate of exchange. All of the institutions would evaporate

should either side abandon the treaty of association.

One of the few things crystal clear in the Quebec white paper is that it can be used both to reassert Quebecers' referendum rights with the premise of economic association and then, afterward, to justify an eventual, unilateral grab for full independence, devoid of any links, political or economic, with Canada. □

## Ottawa

### Doin' the embassy drag

**W**hen Prime Minister Jac Clark unexpectedly rose in the Commons last Friday, the red in his face was not unlike a maiden's blush. While it seemed it was obvious why once again, the fledgling PM had been caught with his election promises down, a posture so publicly embarrassing as it was politically perverse.

In his left hand, Clark held the interim report of special ambassador Robert Standiford which recommended that the government abandon its campaign pledge to move the Canadian embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. Said Clark: "The government accepts the recommendation that no action be taken on the change in the location of the Canadian embassy until the status of Jerusalem is clarified." And that Clark had been rebuked in a telephone interview by Prime Minister and warden Ed Broadbent, berated him for everything from misleading foreign affairs to giving *de facto* recognition to the Palestine Liberation Organization.

Although Standiford's advice came as no surprise—in one Tory aide admitted, "We knew that sooner or later we'd have to put that embassing thing on us"—the timing of the report's Standiford was appointed to buy the Tories time to haggle and to put a pair of sunglasses on Canada's black eye abroad. His report was due out the very next year. However, with the business community upset over trade disruptions with the Arab world...Canada did \$800 million worth of business with Arabs last year—Clark and his advisers decided to act swiftly. Or, as another ill-fated leader from an earlier time advised: "If it ever does...then twice well, it were done quickly." Besides, considering Trudeau's recent statement that Zionistic pressure in the U.S. is preventing a peace settlement in the Mid-



Standiford and the Canadian embassy in Tel Aviv: a pair of sunglasses on the black eye

dle East, one Clark aide admitted: "We might as well have Jews mad at us while they're still mad at him."

From the outset, the proposed embassy shift was ill-advised, Clark himself admitted last January after a



Modelli, featuring the pros and cons of eating King Disney

meeting in Jerusalem with Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin. "I would not move the embassy to Jerusalem," Clark said at that time. "A move of that kind would be irresponsible. It may well embolden or set off the rats a process of achieving [a peace] agreement." Despite Clark's foresight, however, the embassy policy was string together by his election advisers [last April]. It was designed to attract Toronto's Jewish vote and beat out Tory candidates Ron Atkey, the new immigration minister, from St. Paul's, and Robert Parker, who was defeated in Etobicoke. Although the Tories got one seat for their trouble, the long-term effects of such transparent political opportunism remain unclear. It may be that Clark's April folly will become the Tories' October crisis.

Jane O'Hara

## Toronto

### Another opening, an older show

**W**onderful things," archivist Howard Carter gasped when he got his first peek at them in 1932. "Pretty bawdy," declared Bernard Haas, 11, after he and classmates from Toronto's Royal Public School had been herded past them last Thursday morning. "Extraordinarily beautiful works of art," bubbled the lavishly illustrated catalogues. And what was it that has been eliciting those (and millions of other) gasps and a few groans for the past 30 years? The Tut show, of course—in the latest version, 35 selected pieces of jewelry and furniture and other craft-objects comprising one of the most grandiosely typed and extravagantly exploited museum shows in history, which went on public view last week at the Art Gallery of Ontario. It is the last chance to see Treasures of Tutankhamun in North America. After closing Dec. 31 at the AGO, the boy king's asserted afterlife furnishings leave for a three-year tour of Germany.

Before their departure, however, Tut's treasures will draw an estimated \$600,000 visitors to the AGO at \$3.50 a ticket, including 100,000 Ontario school kids, tours from Halifax, Montreal and Calgary, and some Americans who missed the exhibits on their seven-month, three-year swing across the U.S. The show has also given a lease on life to one of Canada's newest and most entrepreneurial growth industries: Tut schools. Whether, like the earnest society ladies of the AGO Volunteer Committee, they are baking chocolate fudge masks (tutile archaeology) and

high-priced Tut jewelry, or pushing stuff like Tut platters (\$75 at Eaton's), a lot of people are making a lot of money from this old artifacts—how much is anybody's guess.

The Art Gallery of Ontario itself does not stand to earn anything directly from the treasures. Under terms agreed on by the governments of Canada and Egypt a year ago, all revenues brought in by the AGO in excess of costs—which Tut Polynesian and Precolumbian Co-ordinator Judith John anticipates will run to \$2 million—will be handed over for the refurbishing of the Egyptian Museum in Cairo, permanent home for some 10,000 objects collected from Tut's tomb between 1922 and 1933. The anticipated Egyptian take-off from the Toronto exhibition is estimated

when it brought the treasures to Toronto.

It is not the first bid for large-scale "heritage development" undertaken by the AGO. In 1976, Director William Withrow almost begged one of the first art shows of the decade—the exhibition of manuscripts from Leonardo da Vinci's *Hermitage*. When arrangements fell through for the Hermitage exhibition to did two Canadian singers, Winnipeg and Montreal, Withrow began his inquiries and negotiations that, two years later, opened the way for Tut's Toronto engagement. "One is always looking around for big shows because," Withrow maintains, "you have to have high-profile exhibitions for audience development."

Given that attitude—perhaps the



Karen Blixen examines image of the old Man, a statue of cattle-herding archaeology

\$1,500,000

So what will the Art Gallery of Ontario be left with, after King Tut's departure? One thing is enhanced prestige on the world's culture circuits. "We have improved our image as an international museum. By showing we can handle a show like this," says Judith John. "Everybody has been impressed." But even more impressive than enhanced professional power is especially the AGO's burgeoning international influence. In 1980—when the incredible ping-pong gallery membership, or 16,000 from this time last year, to more than 41,000. Although the AGO expects that a full 50 percent of those new members, many of whom signed up to get first crack at Tut tickets on their deferred dates, the show after all, leaves 12,000 new names on the rolls is nothing to sneeze at. Moreover, such expansion is just what the gallery had in

mind one a public gallery director can afford to have in times of tight money—Canadians can look forward to more and more Headliners in the previously placid arenas of high art, with record-breaking shows (such as the Hermitage) and craft displays (such as Tut) being equally likely to the skies in order to net more members. And that probably means more gala openings, such as the one shown at Halifaxes by the AGO Voluntary Committee at Toronto's Harbour Castle Hilton Convention Centre (where a camel kicked a leggy model), which included a \$200-a-plate dinner-dance offering the 600 guests a program of cocktails, dinner, wine, William Davis and federal cabinet ministers John Crosbie and David Macdonald and Egyptian Ambassador Fouad El Fayed. The AGO's most recent member, however, is Toronto's Duke Theatre, which booked the *Monty Python* doing some of the *Tut* costumes. All more than enough to keep the AGO in harnessment to the eyes of the System. John Bentley May

# The end of Teddy's teasing



By Ian Urbina

This week Senator Ted Kennedy finally makes his presidential candidacy official after two months of hating and taunting. The declaration, planned for Boston on Nov. 7, means the press and public can now shift their attention to the content of his campaign. And, according to Vice-President Walter Mondale, they will not find much that is not already in the White House in the person of Jimmy Carter. "Kennedy's toughest problem," Mondale told reporters last week, "is that I don't think he has stated out an issue-based reason for making the presidency."

At the end of last week, Kennedy gave a preview of his campaign platform in a speech—and his last as an unannounced candidate—to 5,000 Democrats at a fund-raising dinner in Charleston, West Virginia. As if to rebuff Mondale, Kennedy used the speech to undermine one issue on which he does differ with Carter: nuclear power. Reversing his own desire for a moratorium on the construction of nuclear power plants—an option rejected in July by Carter—Kennedy declared: "The choice is clear: If America is going to build nuclear power plants for its future, we must build them safer, or we should not build them at all. And so I call on the president to make his position clear."

But the rest of the speech only served to make Mondale's point—that Kennedy's candidacy is based more on image and personality than on the issues. Sev-

eral times, Kennedy recalled his late brother John in an effort to cash in on the latter's popularity in West Virginia, where he won a crucial primary in the 1969 senatorial campaign. There were also numerous thinly veiled references to Carter as a well-meaning man who is over his head. "Good intentions matter," said Kennedy. "But what also matters, and matters just as much, is competence to do the job, to get things done."

Carter, Kennedy and (below) Teddy's brother-in-law Stephen Smith of campaign headquarters; good intentions



Kennedy did attack Carter's use of high interest rates to fight inflation. But he did not offer any solutions of his own. Likewise, the next day in Buffalo, he knocked Carter for deconstraining oil prices but did not say that he himself would reverse controls. Instead, he advised Carter to threaten the return of controls in order to get his windfall oil profits tax through Congress. Kennedy is basing an image that he is a free-spending liberal, an image Carter has attempted to sharpen in recent remarks. As a result, Kennedy can be expected to move to the right as the campaign heats up in the coming weeks.

The campaign is starting earlier than expected. Kennedy had wanted to wait until after U.S. Thanksgiving later this month to enter the race formally. But Carter forced his hand by mounting an offensive which embarrassed the "Draft Kennedy" forces in Florida (McClatchy, Oct. 26, 1979). By declaring early, Kennedy upstaged his Senate colleague, Howard Baker, who officially chose last week to announce his bid for the Republican nomination and faced California Governor Jerry Brown to move up his announcement to this week as well as he would be left behind in the Democratic contest.

In making his candidacy official, Kennedy transfers management of his campaign from the senators and partisans who had been running the draft effort to an experienced group of political pros. The Kennedy campaign is the first to acknowledge that it faces an uphill battle against an incumbent president. Carter's team is well ahead of Kennedy's in all aspects—organization, fund-raising and endorsements.

The first noteworthy contest between the two will take place in Iowa on Jan. 21, when rank-and-file Democrats are to meet in non-committal across the state to pick their delegates to the national convention next summer in New York City. Iowa was the site of Carter's first triumph in the 1976 campaign as he out-organized a crowded Democratic field. Attempting a repeat performance, Carter has been paying the state special attention. He crisscrossed on a riverboat in the summer and his wife and mother have been back since.

The next real test won't come until the Illinois primary on March 15. Important primaries will take place before then in New Hampshire (Feb. 26) and Florida (March 11). But since the first borders at Kennedy's home state of

Massachusetts and the second on Carter's Georgia, neither will provide a neutral sounding Illinois will, and it went to Carter in the 1976 Democratic primary. Again, however, Kennedy got a boost last week with the official backing of Chicago Mayor Jane Byrne. Just two weeks earlier Byrne had pummeled for Carter and she attributed her flippancy to her own "private poll," which showed Carter could not win in the state.

The public polls show Kennedy leading Carter by roughly 2 to 1. But "you can't poll effectively on Kennedy now," says Detroit politico Robert Tooler, when the Conservative party has employed in Canada. "The Kennedy candidacy is still in the honeymoon phase."

Nobody knows better than Carter how quickly a lead can evaporate in the polls. He entered the 1976 presidential campaign after the Democratic convention with a 35-point lead over incumbent Gerald Ford. By election day, the lead had shrunk to three points. In an effort to cut into Kennedy's lead, Carter plans a flat-out campaign beginning Dec. 4 with a half-hour of prime-time television—if he can persuade any network to let him. Another possibility is a televised debate. Carter is reportedly considering challenging Kennedy



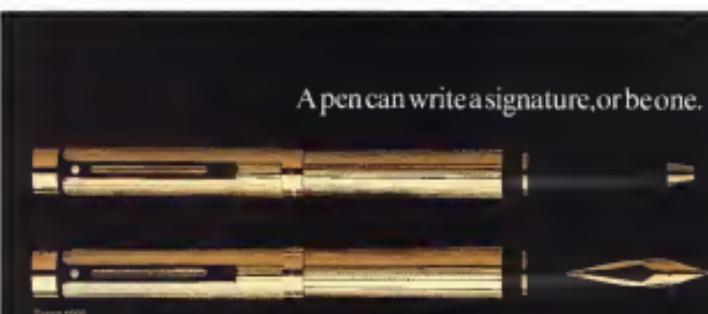
Kennedy and West Virginia Governor Jay Rockefeller in Charleston. To run, to hide, to get caught, and to get away?"

because he feels he can walk his opponent, who is not a good spontaneous speaker.

Another Kennedy weakness—is past indiscretions—resurfaced last week in a column by William Safire of *The New York Times*. Safire, a former aide to Richard Nixon, resurrected an old story about Kennedy attempting to evade arrest when he was caught speeding during his law school days at the University of Virginia. Safire

quoted the arresting officer as saying Kennedy's mother, Rose, "really got me my butt" to shut up after the incident. Kennedy was let off with a \$15 fine. Certified Safe. "When in big trouble, Ted Kennedy's repeated history has been to run, to hide, to get caught, and to get away with it."

While Carter may not make such charges himself, others likely will in his behalf. And that could cause problems further down the road for the Democratic. Warren Mondale. "The worst risk is that this primary will be so bitter, so poisonously, that a Democrat can't win."



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# Sins of the flesh in Iran

By Ian Müller

The strains of *I Believe in Love* boomed out from the brightly lit pavement stalls of an entertainment bazaar known as Hippoland off central Tehran's broad, tree-lined Masoudieh Avenue. It seems almost a deliberate challenge to Iran's stern revolutionary leaders. Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, who recently announced a ban on pop music as part of his drive to shut out Western influences in this part of Tehran at least, where thousands of effervescent young people strolled along the pavements in the early evening and few women wear the chador, the full-length veil. The apolitical dream of an all-embracing Islamic society seems a long way away.

Khomeini removed another remnant of the weakness of the flesh last week when the first major scandal since the revolution broke over the heads of three ministers. Known as "Foodgate," because it involves the purchase of imported foodstuffs, the scandal could threaten Commerce Minister Reza Sadeghi and Agriculture Minister Ali Mahasen and Israfi as well as Health Minister Kaveh Saei who immediately resigned his post on the grounds of "lack of harmony" and "fanaticism" in the cabinet.

Prince Minister Mehdi Bazargan, previously ordered an investigation by the inspector-general of the Islamic courts, at the same time expressed his "full confidence" in all three ministers. The official version of the events of Sepah, the Shah's discredited secret service, however, plotting to sabotage Iran's food supplies and have pocketed millions of dollars through corrupt deals, particularly on wheat and rice.

Beri the scandal underlines the fact that the revolutionary fervor of the spring is becoming as weather-worn as the photographs of revolutionary martyrs that decorate the street walls, their bloodied symbolized by red ink splashed across their faces. Unemployment, inflation and government drift have brought disenchantment.

Yet with the Islamic fundamentalists firmly in control, for the moment anyway, Iran is gradually being transformed. It's not just that Tehran street names are being changed to reverse reminders of the deposed Shah, now languishing, cancer-ridden, in a New York hospital. In the Senate house, an ornate building with a pillared facade set in



Khomeini supporters and posters (above) and (right) on way to fight Kurds; green parrots, red ink and glass-topped desks

gardens inhabited by green parrots, a self-styled "assembly of experts" elected in August is thrashing out details of a new Islamic constitution intended to turn Iran into a full-fledged theocracy. Khomeini is not a member, but his influence is all-pervasive. The man who presides over the proceedings is Ayatollah Mohammad Beheshti, a member of Khomeini's inner circle and former professor of philosophy, who dominates his colleagues. Facing him at a semicircle of glass-topped desks sit the 13 members, most of them veteran and bearded mullahs (clergymen) who are followers of Khomeini.

The most controversial clause they

have agreed upon so far, introduced out of the blue by Beheshti (it was not in the draft constitution), has been the creation of a religious father figure, the "Valyest-Faqih" (clerical meaning master of Islamic law), who will obviously be Khomeini himself. This person will be superior to the president. He will have the power to veto presidential candidates and veto the winning candidates. He will also be the supreme commander of the armed forces. It is this clause that has led most Western observers to assume that Khomeini is bent on creating a dictatorship, a charge he denies. The Valyest-Faqih will be there to interpret the will of Allah, he says. Dictatorship is not possible in Islam.

The assembly, however, is only one manifestation of Khomeini's extraordinary clerical machine, centred on the holy city of Qom, a disapparating small town 100 miles south of Tehran. The Qom inner circle runs a network of 60,000 mullahs throughout Iran and dominates the shadowy revolutionary council, a ruling body that is more powerful than the government. It runs thousands of grassroots local committees headed by mullahs under the control of Ayatollah Mahdavi Khamenei, another ayatollah. Laleh, runs the Pardisan revolutionary armed guards, which are currently the best organised force in Iran. Through Ayatollah Sadiq Khalkhal, a roving "hanging judge" who has travelled the country executing rebels, Khomeini rules.

garrisons inhabited by green parrots, a self-styled "assembly of experts" elected in August is thrashing out details of a new Islamic constitution intended to turn Iran into a full-fledged theocracy. Khomeini is not a member, but his influence is all-pervasive. The man who presides over the proceedings is Ayatollah Mohammad Beheshti, a member of Khomeini's inner circle and former professor of philosophy, who dominates his colleagues. Facing him at a semicircle of glass-topped desks sit the 13 members, most of them veteran and bearded mullahs (clergymen) who are followers of Khomeini.

The most controversial clause they



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Residents, Qasr controls all the Islamic revolutionary courts, which continue to order executions despite Baqirani's protests.

There is a strong attitude of "we are the masters now," which is making the socialist, atheist, religious approach of the revolution become more prevalent. The revolution is associated with change, progress. Measures are being taken to end the old system of transporting mullahs to and from Al-Azhar frequently; they are to be sent demanding special privileges, bypassing the queue for appointments or insisting on being served first in shop.

It is not surprising that the provincial government of Mehdî Baqirani should complain that it has been reduced to puppet status. There are, however, a number of factors that cast doubt on whether total Islamic theocracy can be achieved, as Thursday's statement

beginning of a new alignment that could be witnessed by the Khamenei forces. The disciplined leftist guerrilla forces of the Fedaiyan, driven underground by Khamenei, have thrown in their lot with the Karch and, last week, helped to defeat a determined and well-organized movement trying to capture the provincial capital, Neyshabur town. The movement demanded an immediate response in the form of a peace message from Tehran, and at week's end the Kordash guerrillas themselves declared a truce. They didn't need to labor the point that an alliance with the Fedaiyan could prove as durable, if not an alliance-shattering, as Khamenei's own opposition to the Shah.

### France

## The last smile of Jacques Mesrine

It was the tag end of an uneventful Friday lunch hour on Paris' tattered Place de Chateaudun, when the waiter of a corner cafe noticed a silver BMW suddenly cut off by an unarmed delivery van and surrounded by trocks. In the 10 seconds that followed, police burst from the van's sliding panels, punging an explosion of sub-machine-guns fire into the windshield and roof. At the wheel, the driver had opened his door, quivered with a last spasm of life and shamed, pinned by his seat belt and 34 bullets, one hand clutched in its large fur coat pocket on the seat beside him, the other limp beside the 38-caliber Smith & Wesson strapped to his waist.

Thus ended the saga of Jacques Mesrine, France's Public Enemy No. 1, who had thumbtacked his face at French and Canadian police and delighted the papers with his shameless deraving-devering until he was gunned down from a 45-foot parking garage wall to rovers in mid-air. In his enforcement career, of course, the notorious gets-rich hood had indiscriminately plowed into a folk hero who could legitimate a security cordie around the judge who case sentenced him to 20 years, or cut it in a Beauvois project to leave his guards unfastened before pulling a \$100,000 casino heist up the road.

He wrote poignant letters to the press whenever he felt his honor disgraced, harbored a crusade to abolish maximum security prison wings and sent his regards to his red-faced superiors on his track, ending cheerily, "Happy hunting." Aided by a succession of adoring females and a dazzling aptitude for disguise, he died dizzily as he had lived, apparently lightheartedly, on his way to a weekend in the country, as

attractive brunettes caressed Sylvie Jean-jacquet seriously wounded at his side.

Swarming over the car, the top spectators Mesrine had so long mocked slugged each other at the back. Within minutes, Prime Minister Raymond Barre had congratulated the 45-year-old ex-thief at a change of headquarters from a house of scandal which had plagued François a week after the suicide of Interior Minister Robert Badinter. Implicated in questionable Rouen real estate dealings, he wrote to the press accusing his cabinet colleague of making him a scapegoat.

As news of Mesrine's end spread, however, the mystery of the sniper found still trying to explain why it had taken 80 predators to fell one Scarlet Pimpernel. A police director was finally left quoting Mesrine's own words: "He always said," explained the comical



Mesrine with sardiness and seven fatal



Mesrine's living, aided by adoring females, he delighted the populace with deraving-devering.

sinner, "that whatever draws first will be the winner."

Mesrine, 42, son of a wealthy Paris architect, studied architecture before being drafted into the Algerian army, where he won two medals for bravery and service. He worked for a while in the French post office at Rangoon before starting his series of prison escapes at Montreuil's St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary, where he was held for kidnapping industrialist Georges Destailleur.

Canadian police once posted a wanted notice reading: "Attention, Mesrine is most dangerous when he smiles." But perhaps he still managed the last laugh as a smug series of snobs who predicted his own end. "There's no risk that I'll go," he told Isabelle de Wargue from Paris Match 15 months ago. "I know very well that all this will finish badly."

Mark McDonald



## People

When they are not performing doo-wop ditties, Anna Matassa and the Starticks are slumbering, scrubbing up or scrapping teeth in Ottawa hospitals. The eight members of the vocal band got together 15 years ago at a hospital Gong Show and since then they have been caring up a storm at local benefits, which are regularly attended by their patients. "We even have our own groceries. They come up to the stage and try to rip someone's leg off," says lead vocalist Dr. Anna Matassa, who wears a cheerleader's outfit as part of the band's 1960s "grouse" image. Guitarrist Dr. Doug Mirsky ("Little Doug," after hours) admits that the Starticks' popularity has been overwhelming, but promises not to let it interfere with the Hippocratic oath. "We've had nightmares in performing because of someone delivering a baby," he says, and the doctors are in constant touch with their hospitals between belting out "Brand New" and "A white sport coat and a park carnation."

Alessia Mariano and the Starticks doctors carry out gravity, giddy doo-wop ditties hundreds of parts. Stuart Trueman, 48, has been in the music business for 24 years, writing about rock 'n' roll and blues in the region. *Trueman's Internals: Full Throttle Fresh Discs, East*, contains nearly 200 anecdotes, stories, but the author insists he has more than enough leftovers to start his next collection. For instance, he penises to the labster. It seems Trueman has discovered Martians who remember when lobotomies—fins was a job that could be done with a pitchfork, and actually done with the boiled creatures no longer a faculty was hard up. One of Trueman's neighbors, an old-timer, told him that "you could always tell who the poor kids were they were the ones who brought lobotomies sandwiches to school every day. The well-off kids could afford good things—like balloons."

After almost two years of silence *The New Voices* are back together. The New Wave quartet was deemed "too pushy" for the public after their first album and a second, though recorded, was never released. "Two years too early," says vocalist Paul Robinson. This week the unreleased platters is finally reaching the public and it is titled

simply *Released*. If it sounds like old music, name it really is. The album single will likely be *Find Shaker Hall*, which was written by Paul Simon in 1965.

Einar Padoukner is more than a drummer—he's an industry. The 41-year-old "producer and weather comic" has now decided to branch out and the result is Padoukner International, Padoukner's Swamp Rock Forum, T-shirts and "Bongos Brothers." Pad, whose real name is Helga Chapman, insists that he is "not trying for superstardom" but sometimes it works out that way. He recently learned that his 1964 record *Old Red Devil* is a hit in the Netherlands. "It's the ding-darkest thing," he says. "You don't suppose Padoukner means something else in Dutch, do you?"

When filming finished on *The First Guests* last month in Bariloche, leading lady Linda Ronstadt could legitimately add mountain climbing to the list of risky things she has done for her art and for fun. "I think fear is one of the greatest passions we have," says the pixie-sized 38-year-old, who has been known to jump into a Mexican building and romp with barking roosters. She also enjoys

skiing and travelling in light aircraft with pilots who give decks a freight by touching upside down. Ronstadt's enthusiasm for scaling and rappelling the cliffs of the Rockies was matched by costar Timothy Bottoms' gusto for the surfaces. It seems Bottoms' motto is a "train freak" who has frequently ridden the rails across Canada, but this trip he decided to motorcycle the 3,000 miles from California to Bariloche.

"I guess you'd say I have a taste for language," says Pen Densham, 33, whose hobby in taking pictures of people making their tongues out. Densham started his 400-tongue collection in 1968 and ended up using most of the stiffs on a three-minute film called *Lickety-Split*, though he and his partner, John Watson, are better known for their award-winning Canadian documentaries *Thoroughbred* and *World of Wildlife*. Densham and Watson are now on a "learning sabbatical" in Hollywood where they joined forces with Sylvester Stallone in preparing the fight and montage sequences for *Rocky II*. "Sly was happy to pose for me," says Densham, who had as well trying to get the sunglasses of Stallone's dog, Butkus.

In the wake of Watergate, accusations flew freely and one that was never answered was White House aide Jeb Stuart Magruder's claim that dirty-trick master George C. Scott threatened to kill him if it still needed me to think about that."

Part, rappelling out of the building



Stallone and Bottoms lolling around

suspense. All told, she signed more than 4,000 hard and soft copies—pushing the book near the top of the Toronto best-seller list. While confessing to Macmillan's that she's "not very friendly with many other actors," she had a happy reunion with Richard Burton, who was working in Toronto—but also received the sad news of the death of *Pinkus Ossana*, widow of the Italian director and celebrated mother-in-law of Bogart's younger sister, Maria. "It's not the same woman I was 20 years ago," she reflected. "It would be boring to stay the same."

Edited by Marsha Beddow



Before he died last September, U.S. financial wizard Andris Meyer advised his friends to sell everything they owned and buy gold. One of those who took astrophysicist Meyer's advice was Vancouver Kennedy Ossana. The former model left her husband and invested most of the money left to her by Aristotle Onassis, when gold was a bargain at \$133 an ounce last April. Jackie got out of gold last month when it was hovering at about \$885 an ounce. As a result, her friends now estimate her worth at about \$100 million.

Uphanded at 45, but nearly exhaunted by autograph signings, Sophia Loren took Toronto by storm recently when she wrapped up a two-week North American tour to promote the paperback edition of her year-old life story, *Sophia: Living and Loving*. Restaurants couldnt themselves—reannouncing College Street (the heart of Little Italy) La Vie Sogno for a day and turning out in the thousands to catch a glimpse of La Loren as she made her rounds of public appearances and book



RONSTADT

# A luvverly bunch for 'Coconut'

By Dale Eakle

The Saskatchewan Roughriders had been on their deathbed before, but never did the hopes for revival appear so bleak. In the past, when life and credit lines were stretched thin, the team survived itself with the knowledge that though other teams in the Canadian Football League (CFL) may have been richer, few were as good. But this year there has been no such relief. It has been a comedy of errors on the field and the performance off the field is equally depressing. The team's bank reserves, \$220,000 at the start of the year, dwindled at first and finally vanished into a sea of red ink.

And this was the year heralded as the beginning of the "New Era." After years of skimping and scraping, surviving on fund-raising efforts such as \$200-a-plate dinners, the Roughriders were finally growing up. The football offices were moved from gloomy confines above a suburban hardware store, and the dressing rooms were switched from a dilapidated grandstand at the local racetrack to an expanded and refurbished Taylor Field.

But fans were greeted with a football team that was average, not the first 32 games. The Blue Bombers, a divisional outfit based near the 30,000 mark in a stadium that seats 27,000, had, as the last home game of the season approached last week, prospects of losing \$400,000—and perhaps a date with a mortician—loomed.

The situation called for drastic action. Enter John Robertson, alias "Coconut" Wilfie.

Like an echo out of the past, the 45-year-old former football culturist with the Regina Leader Post in 1963-64 appeared on the scene invited to address the annual 3,000-a-plate dinner. Robertson, instead of finding the old fervor, was greeted with the doves and glories of a team on the ropes. He told the 350 diners that it was time to rediscover "Rider Pride" and, instantly, a cause was born again.

A local radio station asked Robertson to help transform his intangible Rider Pride into a sellout for the team's Real Horse game against the BC Lions. Robertson couldn't resist. "There's a magnet here," he confesses. "It's like an old lever I keep coming back to."

The attraction was staggering. After an emotional win over the mighty Edmonton Eskimos to end the losing streak, fans streamed to ticket outlets



**Robertson**: Invading life into Rider Park

returned the \$500 guest-speaker fee and paid his own hotel bill.

Two weeks later, the hype started in earnest and Robertson became the focal point as he preached the cause long and hard. He made seven round trips from Winnipeg, where he is now a CBC TV anchorman, to Regina. He estimates his expenses at \$2,000.

His cause did not make him the most popular sports figure in Winnipeg. He has refused a seat in the press box at Wascana Stadium and, at a recent Riders-Bombers game, the Winnipeg fans greeted him with lusty boos but the soon-to-travel veterans serenely admit his heart has never left Regina. "This [football] is a culture, the most important culture in Saskatchewan," he insists. "It's almost a spiritual kind of thing and the time had come to either regenerate the Riders or for them to become dead meat."

The response was staggering. After an emotional win over the mighty Edmonton Eskimos to end the losing streak, fans streamed to ticket outlets

as to Mecca. The Riders were destined to finish last with the worst record in the CFL, but a hysterical crowd of 26,000 believed like it was the Western final. They filled Taylor Field for the first time all season for the Lions game and were rewarded with a 26-12 Saskatchewan win—and a glimmer of hope for next year.

Aude from the "spiritual" stratosphere of the outfit, team President Gord Stassen, who has aged visibly in his first year at the helm, estimates the game added \$70,000 to Rider coffers. The shortfall this season, however, will be about \$100,000, and a \$100,000 line of credit has been drawn to pay the bills.

"Robertson may have used a carry

approach, but that's what it's all about in Saskatchewan," says Stassen. "You can't do the same thing in any other CFL city and get it to work."

And when Robertson leaped onto the field that day, arm-in-arm with team mascot Gainer the Gopher for the ceremonial kickoff, the crowd erupted with a standing ovation. All it took was a prodigal son like Coconut Wilfie to breathe life back into Rider Park.

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## Music



### For the record

RECENT SONGS  
Lorraine Cohen  
1001

The wavy vocal accompaniment of Jennifer Warnes and a piercingly pretty violin on *The Guest*, the first cut, register a marked change from the exuberantly vulgar Spectre production of Cohen's last album. But the folksie "man" is not dead; if he weren't a poet, one could imagine Cohen on *The Daring Game*. As always, there is oddball charm. *Un Cascades* (Epic), with a mariachi band, delights like *Sad Visions* singing *My Way*.



THE LONG RUM  
Epic  
(101)

An extended, dancelike look at the originalness of Caribbean rum has not made any livelier a heat that doesn't do much other than sway gently. With *Heartache Tonight* things get rougher, but it would still take a devoted fan to discern anything poignant. None of it sounds bad, simply perfunctory.

ALL ALMONDS LOVE YOU  
John Mayall  
(Capitol)

Among the best things Mayall's ever done was some backup work with Bruce Winestock, and here Winestock's *Winter Fantasy* is well-served by the singer's bare tree of a voice. Otherwise, everything's unexceptionable. Most bad, one's only choice is to like it or lump it.

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## Health



## One more test for the boat people

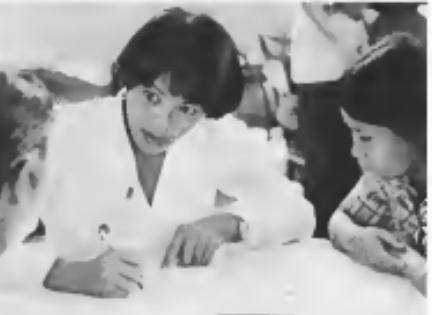
**T**he test and no test—that was the question. And while on the surface it should not have been difficult to answer, it took more than a half-dozen government task forces, a group of medical specialists and constant pressure from Canada's dental community to arrive at the decision. At length it was determined that all Vietnamese refugees arriving in Canada would be tested for hepatitis B.

The decision made early last month by Health Minister David Crombie seems to have been as much a political move as a medical precision. The United States health, education and welfare department indicated in early October that it was going to begin a program of hepatitis B screening on Indo-Chinese refugees entering the U.S. That was the pivotal point, as far as the Canadian government was concerned even though, as one senior medical officer put it, "The evidence against this form of screening was emphatic."

The go-ahead to test all Vietnamese refugees for the serious virus came before the last round of Red Cross statistics was released. The Red Cross had tested a group of Vietnamese refugees

in Edmonton. Its most up-to-date figures show that out of 119 refugees tested, 13.8 per cent were carriers or

Vietnamese mothers and children await medical tests (above); nurse interviews refugees about screening at point of entry



had been infected with hepatitis B, a viral infection which can cause permanent liver damage, has been linked to cancer of the liver and is fatal in between two and five per cent of all cases.

Medical experts and other uninvolved

task forces in the Red Cross from Southeast Asia, has one of the highest hepatitis B rates in the world; about 15 per cent of its population has some form of the disease, compared with the normal carrier rate for Canada of about 0.2 per cent. It was only because of the influx of the Southeast Asian refugees (Canada is committed to take in 50,000 by the end of 1980, more than 12,500 have already arrived) that the problem of hepatitis B created concern and controversy.

Though a serious virus, hepatitis B is also a very fragile one—not easily spread. Of the 119 Vietnamese tested, "less than half would pose any threat in spreading the disease," says Dr. Scott Leslie, a senior medical officer with the federal department of health. The potential danger, he says, lies in the hepatitis carrier—the person who does not show symptoms of the disease himself yet can spread it to others. There could be as many as 1,500 "silent carriers"—people who don't know they can spread the disease—already here among the best people, says Leslie.

Before entering Canada, the refugees receive full physical examination, chest x-rays and analysis (which would indicate such conditions as tuberculosis and venereal disease) but it takes time to get results from the simple blood test for hepatitis B and with overcrowded and overextended facilities in Hong Kong and Singapore, testing has been about 10 days. In Canada it would cost about \$18 a person to administer the test. Since the virus is spread through saliva (as well as sperm

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**RENAULT**

and blood), people running a risk of infection include dentists and dental workers. Another area of less risk but some concern involves children, who have shown a greater incidence of the virus. There exists the slight possibility that a Vietnamese child who is hepatitis B carrier could spread the disease to a Canadian child or adult living in the same household. But even in close contact, the disease would have a slim chance of spreading under normal healthy sanitary conditions.

The real risk of hepatitis B to the Canadian public is practically nil.

That's the general consensus of a government task force set up late last spring to deal with the problems of Indo-Chinese refugees. The 20-member body of national defense, immigration and national health and welfare personnel and medical experts first met on June 4. Since then the hepatitis B debate has taken a jaded turn.

Two of the task force's leading debaters, Dr Franklin Hicks, a federal health department official, and Dr Murray Fisher, a liver specialist from the Sunnybrook Medical Centre in Toronto, are at odds. Hicks has said repeatedly that

the refugees don't pose a threat to the community. But according to Fisher: "The risk of spreading the disease is real. It's probably small but we don't know how great it is."

Dr James Main, head of oral pathology at the University of Toronto, is the spokesman for the dental community, which is asking that all the refugees be screened for hepatitis B. Main said the government called his new "alarmist" when it was first presented. As a group directly affected by the disease, the dentists wanted to follow practices already established in Britain and the U.S. — to set up special treatment centres just for these cases. The cost to the government would be about \$40,000, says Main, and the idea remains a pipe dream.

The task force, which has met at least four times since last June, couldn't agree on what should be done about hepatitis B. So in September a body of medical experts was convened to try to evaluate the situation. The result? A list of recommendations to advise dentists on the proper procedures and precautions. The dentists, perturbed at what they felt to be a laissez faire approach to a serious health hazard, sent a memorandum and letter to Health Minister David Crombie, asking for mass screening of all Indo-Chinese refugees at their point of entry into Canada.

Hicks, spokesman for the task force, says it feared mass screening would brand the boat people as "parasites or undesirable." Once the government knew who was a carrier, he wanted to know, "What can be done with that information?" The task force did propose the Red Cross testing of refugees at a Canadian Armed Forces base near Edmonton. Press reports in August confused that sample testing with universal screening and announced that comprehensive screening of all refugees would take place, though that was not the case — at that time.

Meanwhile in his fifth-floor House of Commons office, Health Minister Crombie was making his own decisions. He had read the dentists' memorandum. He had met privately with Fisher, who had received telegrams from respected American liver specialists, further convincing him to push for universal screening. Crombie had met with other task force members and experts, too. He had almost made up his mind. "I was trying to make a judgment as to what the Americans would or would not do."

Strong indications from the U.S. that it was going ahead with comprehensive testing of Vietnamese refugees reinforced Crombie's own view and provided him with just the right political antidote to combat the advice of his reluctant task force. *Marilyn Head*



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The first "phonograph" played wax cylinders rather than flat records.

Then came the 78s—shallow disc grooves—but early records yet a mechanical connection in its time. By the late 1940s, microgroove technology had made possible the first modern vinyl long-playing record. And finally, in the mid-1960s, the first stereo albums hit the record stores.

Since then audio equipment has become increasingly sophisticated. But the basic mechanics of producing and playing records have hardly changed at all—until now. A new kind of record and record player threatens to shake up the entire audio industry over the next decade—the Compact Disc system, unveiled recently by the North American Philips Corporation. Philips has already built up a considerable track record for innovation. Its European engineers devised the now-standard cassette system in the early 1960s, as well as the laser-scanning technology which made possible the new video-film system.

The Compact Disc is as thin as a dime and only 4½ inches in diameter (smaller than the blank area at the center of most conventional LPs). It holds up to an hour of stereo music on a single side. Yet this may be one of its least remarkable aspects. The advantages of this new system are most apparent when looking at the disadvantages of conventional record-playing systems.

Conventional records are made by recording the wave form of sound waves, one after another on tape, then transferring the recording to a master disc from which the records are pressed. But the very act of taping involves the introduction of background noise, from the mechanical contact of the tape with the recording head. And this noise can be largely suppressed by the Dolby B/E noise system developed in the late 1960s; further distortion enters the picture when the tape is transferred, mechanically again, to disc. Finally, the record itself can be damaged by scratch marks, a worn stylus, spalled surfaces—all of which causes further extraneous noise, and reduction of the fidelity of the original sound.



The Compact Disc, the first recording-playing system of the computer age, gets around all of these problems. Sound is recorded digitally—translated into a computer language of binary numbers representing each change in amplitude. On the compact staff, the numbers are encoded in the form of microgrooves. Light reference "pits" and "data" form a 26-mile-long "track" as a tight spiral on the face of the record. This digital information is sealed beneath a protective coating.

There are no grooves and there is no stylus to track them. Instead, a beam of light from a miniature low-power solid-state laser is used to "read" the light pulses reflected back from the "pits" and "data." These pulses are decoded into an electronic signal, which is played through a conventional amplifier-speaker setup. With no mechanical processes involved, background noise and distortion are completely eliminated.

Andrew Weisner

## Bits of moon tell the story of earth

Pieces of the moon are missing. Not broken up, as in the right sky. The fragments that may have been stolen—by the world's first lunar thief—amount to no more than a handful of stones and dust brought back by the astronauts 12 years ago.

The discovery that particles of moon rock have been faked came to light this fall as scientists from around the world began to put together their findings, after a full decade of study, on the 843 pounds of samples dug up by the Apollo crews. The astronauts' 2,900 moon rocks were cut up into 62,000 individual samples. Many of the pieces were then shipped around the world—a large number to scientists in Canada—and a few have been examined by as fewer than 3,000 different experts. As part of the 10-year perspective, all of the samples have been weighed and recorded. And a special audit last month by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) shows "substantial quantities are unaccounted for or missing."

But the last pieces set the only dark side to the moon rock story. It now emerges that the material was of enormous scientific value and has even unlocked some secrets of the solar system,

Astronaut John Young in crater near Sudbury, Ont., 711 miles on the moon



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Mr. Michael Morrison (photographed in 1978)



Federal government chemist John Morrison makes moon rock: \$5,000 tiny pieces

which fill a massive gap in the history of our own planet. The rocks showed that the moon was formed hot 4.6 billion years ago and stayed hot for at least 300 million years. Next, they showed that the moon was struck by asteroids, some the size of Prince Edward Island, for 200 million years and then cooled rather late for another 800 million years before finally starting to cool down, three billion years ago.

The facts of the moon's early life brought the majority of scientists to the conclusion that the earth underwent the same kind of toruous history, a long-dead theory which could never have been substantiated without the moon rocks. The oldest rocks found on earth date back 3.8 billion years; the movement of ice and water have erased evidence of the earlier 800 million years of our history. But the moon's lack of air and water preserved the rocks, forcing them to tell a 400 million years of massive solar system history for earthbound scientists.

Canadian government scientists in Ottawa played a particularly important part in piecing the moon rocks because of their expertise in the study of rocks from meteorite craters in Canada. Rocks that had suffered very high shock pressures and temperatures due to meteorite bombardment. Canadian scientific detective work helped us to conclude that meteorites crashing onto the moon triggered volcanoes which brought lava and rocks to the surface. It is believed that the Sudbury basin in Ontario (one of the largest sources of nickel anywhere in the world) was formed when a meteorite impact caused volcanoes, which brought the metal out from the earth's interior.

Interestingly, before Apollo 16 and 17 left for the moon almost a decade ago the astronauts went to the Bobbury basin for training exercises. They expected to find similar craters on the moon, and they did. —William Lowther

## Behavior

### TV brings out native aggression

When the CBC killed its ill-fated *Canada After Dark* last January, native viewers in northern Manitoba were elated. Not only had Paul Boles and Peter Gossick before him, bored them with their smarmy, urban artificialities, they had had the gall to knock popular late-night movies off the airwaves in towns that could only get the cbn. The native reaction to talk show-obsessed University of Winnipeg anthropologist Jack Steinberg, who has been studying the impact of TV on native communities for the past seven years. "They're fairly passive people with a tradition of nonaggression, but people were placing me in danger and even threatening hundreds of miles to my office to demand that I leave and get rid of that Gossick," he says.

Steinberg's study, prepared for the federal department of communications with colleague Gary Gransberg, is the first major look in Canada at the impact of tv on North American Indians. The findings will be published in book form

Steinberg: Native is tested and feared



next spring and already have drawn inquiries from a wide field, including the government of Fiji, which is thinking of introducing tv but is worried about its effect on native culture and behavior.

So it should be like other researchers, Steinberg and Gransberg have found one of the immediate effects of the electronic medium to be an increase in aggression. Last year alone, in the Cree community of Norway House, 300 miles north of Winnipeg or Lake Winnipeg, five boys each lost an eye in fights, something unheard of in pre-tv days. Nonaggression is also a part of

traditional Ojibway life, yet at the Jackhead Reserve, also on Lake Winnipeg, where Steinberg has lived on and off for several years, violence is now rampant.

"Not all the natives think increased aggression a bad thing," says Steinberg. "It's tended to focus divisions between traditionalists, who want to stick to the old ways, and the moderns or 'freedomists' as we call them. The latter think it's about time Indians were more aggressive."

Other findings are more surprising:

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## LOOK OUT FOR NUMBER ONE MORE MEN SMOKE IT THAN ANY OTHER



AMPHORA REGULAR BROWN. PRIMATES: RED, BLUE, OR GREEN.

Among Coss viewers at Norway House and Oxford House, 400 miles northeast of Winnipeg, one of the most discussed programs is *The Muppet Show*. In particular, a great deal of looking attaches to Kermit the frog. "The frog is a hated and despised creature," says Coss spokesman Steven Strelak. "It's credits among our Canadian students with powers as such black magic and pacts with the devil. Kermit is a classic example of how a viewer's culture interacts with programming to produce an effect quite different to what the programmers expected."

Equally unpleasant for Coss viewers are programs dealing with taboo subjects such as menstruation, sex and men being present at childbirth. To complicate matters further, the Coss attitude to children is indulgent and noninterfering, permissiveness from days when children died young. "Teenagers may strongly object to a program showing sex or nudity or childhood when their children are watching, but they won't get up and switch it off, as a Euro-Canadian might," says Strelak.

The researchers also found that native children tend to confide freely with the world of TV. When a group of eight- to 10-year-old Coss and Caucasian boys were asked if *McGyver of Pleasant Five-O* was a real detective, only five per cent of the Caucasians thought he was, compared with 29 per cent of the Coss.

Significantly, traditional natives use the Coss word *inukshukpiks* to describe TV. The word refers to a traditional "shaking tent," where shamans conjured up spirits living and dead, not all of them friendly. Their fear is that TV is stealing their children's needs—and there's plenty of evidence for that, apart from five missing girls.

On the positive side, teachers have noticed a distinct improvement in literacy, vocabulary and geographical knowledge. Class retention has also improved dramatically—in the past it was in a restricted, introverted atmosphere, but says the study, far more freedom and openness.

One finding of the 260-page study stands out like a rabbit ear: "TV isn't a one-way street. We underestimate how people react to it and interact with it," says Strelak. "Programmers are going to have to make a far more sensitive adjustment between culture and TV content in future." Adds Greenberg: "The explosion in satellite communications is going to allow even remote communities to tune into scores of channels very soon. People will choose channels which better reflect their own psychology and culture." Around Norway House, that doesn't include frogs.

Peter Carlyle-Gantos

## Television

# Horror on the beach: echoes of a massacre

DESPERATE 1942  
CCT Nov. 11-12

Near dawn on the morning of Aug. 19, 1942, 237 vessels carrying some 3,000 Allied troops, escorted by 74 squadrons of air patrol, approached the coast of France around Dieppe and two flanking towns, Fécamp and Pourville. Dieppe had its place in history, as the port from which William the Conqueror launched his invasion of England in 1066. Set-of-late was known as "the poor man's Monte Carlo." So it would be known around the world.

The invasion, reportedly thought by Canada's Major-General John Roberts to be "a piece of cake," ended in ignominy of the fact that a practice alert had been called in German-occupied Dieppe. Twenty minutes from the time the boats landed on the stony beach guarded by a sheer cliff, 225 Canadians lay dead. And 354 more were taken prisoner. Nine hours later, the Allied casualties would include the loss of 186

planes in the war's most ferocious air battle, including 2,000 Canadians taken prisoner and nearly 1,000 Canadians dead. The price of take proved to be a massacre.

On Remembrance Day, Nov. 11, the CBC will telecast its three-hour documentary, *Dieppe 1942*, shown in two parts, *The Battle Begins and Echoes of Disaster*. Produced and directed by Yves MacIntyre-Pépin, *Dieppe 1942* uses extensive location footage and interviews with participants to show what happened that fateful day, what went wrong and, most interestingly, what it means to those who survived it. It brings to mind Marcel Ophüls' great essay on the Nazi occupation of France, *The Sarceau and the Pity*, featuring as a single day of action, links the complex textures of duplicity and collaboration.

German carrying a fallen comrade (top); Canadians taken prisoner, small of blood



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tion and evil that made Ophelia's work so gripping.

Still, it has texture of its own, from the late Lord Beauchamp's reaching back to Churchillian rhetoric which now seems like old hat. Colossal Peter Young, a Colossal King requesting, over and over again, the name of the day with why? "To Mrs. Mary Barrow, making one of the bravest but most unforgettable screen appearances of the year when, in Beowulf's company, she asserts with all the passion of her Celtic blood that she feels "the same as every woman feels when she's given birth to son to be massacred for the whims of stupid politicians. There won't." Indeed the number of veterans who feel the operation was misguided, or perhaps, or futile is surprising.

*Douce Mélodie* (as did *The Seagull* and the *Prix*, first shown in Canada on the CBC in 1970) shows television at its best. "Talker heads"—that wide pay-down of the medium—are what, after all, discolors it in show, television's strength as an oral medium is seldom given its due. No one actually watches for the picture, no relevance can mix material of various styles, from different eras, even three black-and-white into color with far greater clarity than movies, where visual polish and integrity discourage such extractions.

So it's a terrible moment in *Douce Mélodie* when we see old sepia-toned home movies made in England of young men soon to die—seen 19, 20, 21—playing baseball, gladly swishing their ratios, just horning around. Not so terrible, obviously, as the brief clips of rewarmed footage of the carnage on the beach, which make one flinch. But the words of the survivors hold one spellbound. Voices articulate the indelible memory of that August day. "Memories of a man"—turned to bone. His gleaming bones sit there in the sand cut as if he wanted to drive an arrow for "body" at the water's edge, rolling back and forth with the surf. "Of the sea, "on the edge which is red" And, "yes, you could actually smell the sweat of the blood."

These are memories so vivid and crystallized by telling and retelling that they achieve the force of myth. Out of the mired memories of Greece returning from the Trojan War, the seeds of the *Beowulf*—and of Western literature—must have grown. *Douce Mélodie* is a thought-provoking study of a day of war and a very moving memorial to the dead of war, but we forget. The survivors don't. Many return each year to the cemeteries where their fallen comrades lie, fear a crusade, many in unmarked graves. A Canadian delegation lays a wreath in the German cemetery, a German in the Canadians. The men shake hands and wonder what it all for.

BBB MacViear

## Adventure

# Seven years on the seas



By Warren General

They were sailing in the Indian Ocean. The sea was calm, the sun was fast and the sky was friendly on this warm December morning. The weather was so good that Winsor Bushnell, a master from Sudbury, Ontario, had decided not to make port on the east side of South Africa. Instead, he decided to round the Cape of Good Hope. Two hours later he was doubled over that decision. A thick black line had split sea and sky on the horizon. Soon his 31-foot home-made hatch, Dove, was pitchforking and rolling and a vicious wind was lashing the tops of waves into spraying spray. Bushnell took warning. He set a storm jib and put out two sea anchors. Below, his wife, Carolynne, and their two daughters, Leslie and Kim, reached themselves behind a battened-down hatch. There was apprehension. In the cockpit, at the tiller, Bushnell had secured himself from a harness, fastening a 60-foot line to it.

He would need it. Suddenly, the

The Dove at Moçambique Island, near Taita. Mr. Bushnell (topright) from Sudbury, Ontario, Winsor, Kim, Carolynne, Leslie and the author around the world in a hunkered boat.



incredible storm was upon them. The winds gusted up to 40 and 50 knots. The first big wave hit. It was not one wave but three that had run, tripped over each other and forged one 90-foot, howling nightmare. This was a freak wave. It ran right over the Dove, rolling it over 90 degrees in a terrifying fury around and inside the cabin. Carolynne recalls, "It was almost like being in a spin dryer." The wave destroyed every shore on the deck. Two instruments were shattered. The hatch cover was gone. The pitch rats had disappeared.

"I came up at the end of the 60-foot line," Bushnell recalls. "I ran back to the best patching the hatch cover with me. I fixed the hatch cover back on and set the broken mast down so they wouldn't stink a hole in the boat. The freak wave hit so hard that it flattened the sea for about 15 minutes and I had time to get all this done. I was crawling around on the deck and the spray was hitting me like sand. It was raining my skin off. I got the hatch cover latched on and I ripped off these flingers I was



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The Bone on High Seas, a Story and a Sketch

so-lap's home in Sudbury. It was certainly one of the most interesting houses I ever saw.

The second flood was another 65-foot, hit the Dove an hour later, rolling her over another full 360 degrees. The hatch cover stayed, but Bushell was swept overboard again. The long saved his care now, but "I was freezing to death." Mesquites, Carleye had broken two ribs. Kim had a deep cut in her head. Bushell, near exhaustion, swam back to the Dove. He had only one thought in mind: That was to pull out the boat. As soon as they finished the third, his wits were hit. Over the next 260 degrees again. This time a port hole blew out. Bushell waded something over 2 miles to stop the flow of water. They pumped. Another wave hit, and the boat rolled another 260 degrees.

Another gashole blew out and Bushnell fixed that. Another wave might have done it. But there were no more. Down was disabled mechanic. The girls received their schooling during layovers and from Ontario ministry of education correspondence courses.

The engine wasn't running. The Bushells were adrift in the Indian Ocean. "I was thinking it was me who got the family into this and I couldn't see any way I was going to get them out of it," Bushell recalls. But he did. The worst of the storm lasted eight hours that day and for the next three days it weakened as Gale force Bushell jury-rigged a mast and sail. They covered 800 miles in five days that way. They prayed that they would be seen. They did see a fishing boat, but when Bushell fired a distress flare it got under way at full speed and left them. He thinks the crew was fishing illegally. On the following day, another vessel, taking notes of their fare, reached up to the Bushells, fed them

Bushnell is spending his year in the comfortable living room of his mother's house, and is awaiting the day when he can buy a boat of his own.

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the Illinois River and into the great Mississippi. They didn't tell friends they were planning to sail around the world past in case they had to turn tail and head home. "We told people that if we didn't like it we could back up the East Coast, but we never really had any second thoughts."

They spent Christmas in Maine, then sailed across to the Bahamas, through the Caribbean Sea and south to Colombia and back north to the Gulf of Darien and San Blas Islands off the north coast of Panama. It was there that Bushnell witnessed a bizarre death among the San Blasian Indians.

They are small people. The women wear gold rings on all their fingers and beads around their wrists and ankles. They paint a black stripe down the centre of their noses to make them look longer. No white people are allowed on their islands after dark. At night they sleep in hammocks and when they die they are buried in them along with their passions. Their graves are holes in the ground and their graveyards are built like villages.

"All the houses, everything is there, although no one lives there, but they use it. They walk through it. They plant vegetables there. They reap the harvest that's growing there. The man was killed directly from where we were anchored. We could see it right there, 200 feet away. He must have been in a canoe or something, and they buried him, but he was alive and he came up in the grave. There was enough air in there and just a few boards and stuff over the hole and some sand on top. He pulled it in and was climbing out when one of the natives saw him. He thought it was a ghost and went totally mad. He just grabbed his machete and killed himself—chopped him to pieces."

A friend, who was on board Dove with Bushnell, went ashore to investigate. The native explained a ghost had emerged from the grave. "So John [Bushnell's friend's name was John Starn] put everything back in the hole, chopped fingers, everything, and he covered it over. The next day, when the village elders went to check, it was covered in and guess they figured this fellow was making up the whole thing."

The Bushnells moved on. They sailed through the Panama Canal and on to Cocos Island about 800 miles off the west coast of Colombia. It is a lush, enclosed island of waterfalls and jungles, about four miles in diameter, 1,100 feet high and occupied by only bats, goats and deer, surrounded by shallow, infertile waters. In fact, there are waters where the sharks go to mate. Legend has it that treasure is buried in Cocos. The Bushnells spent two weeks searching for it, but found none.

While there, this unanticipated in-

land, they decided to stock up on meat and Winston with his .308-calibre rifle shot at a huge black and white pig. "I was at point-blank range. I fired and I missed him. I couldn't believe it. If we got the pig we planned to stay for another week and smoke it."

But missing that pig might have ruined the Bushnells' lives. "I was sad and I said, 'To heck with it, we'll leave and head for Galapagos,' and when I pulled anchor I cut through 20 strands of anchor rope. I had a good fury sitting on my shoulders all my life. I figure I was meant to miss that pig. If I had stayed anchors I would have lost my boat. And we would have been lost on a deserted island."

During the voyage of the Dove the Bushnells saw and experienced things most other people only read about. Sailing in the Pacific, outside the shipping lanes and in streams, they were alone in the world. Some areas of the ocean were lit up with phosphorescence, balls of fire flying through the water, illuminating the fish in their path. And above them, always, the incredible galaxy of stars. They thought their own thoughts.

But the most rewarding experience,

Bushnell found, was making friends,

especially with native people. "We'd eat

every meal together. We'd go and

wed talk to them a little bit, then we'd

head back to the boat. If they came by we'd

wave to them. It takes a few days for

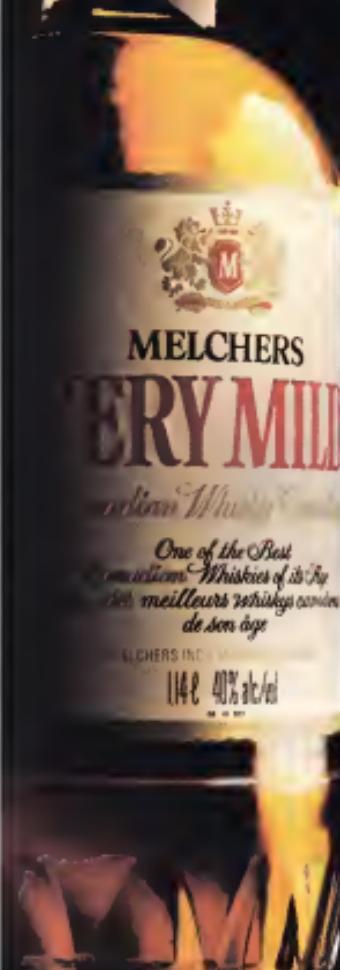
them to warm up to you."

"And then we would invite them on board. We found one of the first things we could do for these natives was to make them a great big blossom box of popcorn. They think this is amazing. They've never seen it and they love it. We tried to offer them things but with no bartering involved. We never asked for anything in return. If you try to do

negotiate favors it is always repaid back to you a hundred times more. The next day these natives would come looking up with fruit and vegetables to give us."

Now the family lives in a small apartment in Sudbury, and Bushnell has found a job as a mechanic at a mine in Elliot Lake, about 100 miles to the west of Sudbury. He commutes to Sudbury as workloads until he finds a house in Elliot Lake. He has bought a car and clothes, an engine, he says, that would have been loaned to the family on the high seas for another year. He plans to stay in Elliot Lake about four years, until the girls have finished their education and made some decisions about their lives.

Meanwhile, Bushnell hopes to sell the Dove for about \$26,000 and build another boat, this one a 49-footer, there is four years start out again. This time as a permanent way of life. And "to show the world to our son."



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**Following behind the wrought-iron fence**

Not does he give the fullest insight into the people of that day. In fact, he turns away from it. "It is almost irresistibly tempting to assess the story of the Crash in terms of individual human lives." Long into the book, he explains that " tales of hardship... soldiers do justice to the brevity of the problem the way a straightforward recital of some statistics can do." That decision is a blow in an otherwise solid work of social and financial history which recreates well the game of the market as September became October, as margin buyers were called for money late into the night and bankers tried to shore up the market until panic took over. The other crisis, in addition to the crash and its wasted lives, was lack of regulations which meant, for example, Toronto's Standard Stock and Mining Exchange "billed \$100 million from 400,000 customers during the gold digging years" leading up to the crash.

There was then an almost religious belief in "unlimited economic growth," a confidence—even a swagger in the clothing—and far too many people in high places saying for too long that things were "fundamentally sound." Sound familiar? Comparisons with today are as inevitable as they are interesting. The book takes a pass on predictions, not even to speculate whether the crash of 50 years ago "was a significant event in itself or only the lead-in to a series of warnings." Too bad, with gold prices gone crazy, the dollar dying and people buying self-help investment books which promise help in the coming bad times. And what really did go on behind those wrought-iron fences?

Frederick McQueen

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# It happens every night



By Patricia Goldstone

**M**arriage is becoming increasingly open because it is as difficult—Norman Mailer

**T**here was Friday nights were spent with a box of popcorn and a date, watching Doris and Rock meet, marry and live happily ever after—in gymanos and twin beds of course. Things are no longer so blissfully simple. The popcorn is still at hand but the date is someone else's estranged spouse, and up on the screen Jill and Bert are falling in and out of the matrimonial bed (now a double), in and out of a series of scenes and we generally reel from the torments of mid-life crisis. Marriages in the movies, once as pure as Doris' pillow, has tumbled to the real world. Hollywood's makers of movies have dressed infidelity better than killer and audience, overexposed in flags and gongs this year, can look forward to

the months to come to a plot of dispiriting consternation...American matrimony in the years in which the French have excelled for 40 years.

Adultery has always enjoyed general acceptance in European cinema, as part



Brian and Anna-Margot (above) —Marty and Kim Novak in "Kiss Me, Stupid," a sex-killer, a sexy wif, and the love who

and parent of a culture that for centuries has accepted marriage as a mode as a social and literary norm. But it took the North Americans, if not to invent the notion of romantic marriage, then at least to invent it with the muscle of freedom of choice, and Hollywood to examine it in the subtle and not-so-subtle propaganda for the North American Way of Life. Marital infidelity, if examined at all, was traditionally seen as the pastime of morally sociable, decadent Europeans or the odd variorian. But now, after the sexual revolution has shattered—at least superficially—every other taboo, Hollywood has discovered Adultery for Everyperson. Partially responsible are the French, whose box-office bonanza *Coups, Coups et Get Out You Head* exploded turned the heads of studio executives. But the case for infidelity on the screen was won for a variety of reasons, widespread disenchantment with the emotional shallowness of special-effects films such as *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and *Alien*, the hoarding of stars such as Jeff Bridges and Burt Reynolds to sink their teeth into stronger dramatic roles, and, of course, the success of *Adult Film: An Obscene History of Women and Menstruation*.

Also, on a broader level, the sensibility of the crowd has matured, having submitted, leaving people to grow restlessly with the enigma left in its wake and to incorporate its changes into their daily lives. There's a backlash to traditional values of home and family, a low of

passion aggravated by the climate of economic uncertainty. And as the institution of marriage represents a pinning of moral and economic aspirations, it's not surprising that the new wave of films deal with middle-aged, middle-class, under-age North Americans.

*The Last Marital Crisis* in America sums up the crisis in little else, through the action of four suburban couples. It examines the alternatives to traditional marriage—wife-swapping, homosexuality, living together. Gena Rowlands and Natalie Wood, happily married for 17 years, but they are presented by the "moral marriage" and the foaming infidelities of their peers to stray from the straight and narrow, with disastrous results. Director Gil Cates calls the film a comedy of manners and circumstance. "What Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice was in the sexual revolution of the '60s, *The Last Marital Crisis* is America is to the relationship revolution now—which is marriage," Cates, claiming that his film is a sociological comment, says that "until *Animal House*, we are holding a mirror up to nature." But when Rowlands and Wood are recruited at a wife-swapping party and Diane Delores, formerly a plump, toro-porn star and wannabe a hooker, the film shows itself to be mere regeneration of the revolution.

Professor Edgar Scherick's *Two + Two* makes a more honest attempt to reveal the suffering that goes hand in hand with adultery. A Long Island doctor, who has 20 years of his practice behind him, falls in love with one of his patients, a widow. But the real focus of the film is the deep need and affection they both have for their strongly structured families. The film is more than a surface rendering, coming to grips with the real consequences of breaking up a marriage. "It has warmth, pathos and a certain amount of tragedy as the two people are forced to examine their responsibilities," says Scherick. "The problem of the story is to have your cake and eat it too."

One of the most moving features of these films is the blinding family resemblance they bear to one another, and having your cake and eating it too is the predominant gene. The extraordinary ease with which these couples meet their ways and return to the marital fold, unscarred and good-knewed after seeking hours of infidelity, is, at the very least, uncaring. And in this respect, *Loving Couple* and *Mobile Age Crisis* are close enough to pass for twin Shirley MacLaine and James Coburn in *Loving Couple*, are two doctors married to one another. At 40, the passion of work coils for MacLaine and she falls in love with an overly romantic younger man, whose get-found then neatly solves Coburn. Husband and wife, in short order, discover the fail-

ures of all this and mend their ways. Similarly, in the Canadian co-production *Mobile Age Crisis*, Bruce Dern is as good as Texas contractor has a crux on approaching the log job aggravated by his father's death and wife Anna-Marie's sexual demands. He takes off with cheerleader Deborah Walkeham but finds he can't handle sex without the rules and returns home.

Separately, *Shoot the Moon* seizes a close family relation to these two middle-aged husbands, suddenly successful, decides to shed his wife along with his old skin. He has an affair, so

she counters with one of her own. But this is where the similarities end and Al though the man and the ending have yet to be announced, this project already stands out among the rest for two reasons: the script by Tez Goldman (*Our Man in Havana*), less a comedy than drama, is the only one to emphasize the latent fear and hostility in the underlying relationship of wives to their husbands. Also director Alan Parker (*Shout! Factory*), considered a suspense director, in one of the toughest and potentially most innovative helmers of the group, the ma-

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party of the others, called from theatre and TV, hark back to a more traditional era of Hollywood.

The only name to attract as much attention as Parker's is that of Paul Muni, the leading voice of middle-class North America who, with *An Unmarried Woman*, became godfather to the trend. *Wilfrid et Phil*, written and directed by Muni's son, with Muriel Kickler, is an homage to *Jules et Jim*. François Truffaut's laziest study of the friendship of two men expressed through their love for the same woman. But while *Jules et Jim* explores the darker angles of sexual ambiguity and ends with the deaths of two of the trio, Wilfrid and Phil and their shared love, Jeanne, separate unscathed, each to his own destiny. After promising to penetrate the complexities of the most awkward grouping of all, the marriage of a couple, Muni's son opt for an unreal resolution.

These films rejuvenate an old tradition in Hollywood: in the late '30s and early '50s the studios, filled with brilliant refugees from Europe, turned out scores of highly sophisticated comedies-of-the-senses. Ernst Lubitsch (*The Marriage Circle*), the most prolific, was impervious specifically for his expertise of the genre. He was, however, carefully kept within the limits of the Hays office, established in 1930 under Will-



Ray Sharkey, Kickler and Michael Durrell as Jules and Jim escape love, necktie intact

Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, which preserved the sanctity of marriage by splitting the communal bed in two Thugolder era of the European film-maker in Hollywood

ended abruptly with the Second World War when the studios, pressed by their audiences to confirm them in the way of life for which they were fighting, distilled a quasireligious propaganda into their vision of the North American family. Even after victory, the moral verve of the McCarthy era from

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Segal, Wood: pillow fight and popcorn

these attitudes. Presumptive relationships provided the necessary love interest in movies while extramarital relationships were relegated to scenes where the degree of sexual ignorance was only matched by that of sexual jealousy, or to the murky underground of film noir in which adultery, indulged in by irredeemable characters, was met with inevitable and deserved punishment.

Nothing had changed in the early '80s when Billy Wilder deliberately saluted the sexual immaturity of the period in *Kiss Me Stupid*, eliciting hoots of outrage from every quarter. The film equated contemporary notions of love with notions of property rights, which, as an ambitious screenwriter in 1930s Berlin had told his wife to Dean Martin, goes to the place where to play her part, Wilder made his point to a few but was soon forgotten—the youth base of the '80s exploded, burying marriage at the bottom of the list of bankable box-office material.

But after a heavy dose of barefaced gags and sex this year, studio feel that audiences are ready to return to the domestic scene. Firms that studio executives would have relegated to TV two years ago or being too soft for featurettes—mentioning “romantic orientation” or femininity in thinking—aren’t now hot button properties. “People today are interested in a realistic examination, with the hopeful feeling that relationships can work,” says Bessie Valentine, producer of *Locating Couples*. “What happened in the past 10 years has made people more aware of what

values should be. Both women and men are more conscious and more fearful if a woman is career-oriented, what relationship can a man expect from her?”

Goldman sees her film as reaffirming the traditional “Show me Moon” as about truths that I think people want to go back to—marriage as an institution in the best sense, that it stands for something, that it’s here to stay.” Cates and Sebekir agree, saying that their film, while depicting adultery, are about commitment. Big issues with which they have chosen to make their point are omnipresent; comedy is a conservative art form and even its extreme forms, usually a silly creation so that order can be restored. By using exaggeration and distortion and total invention, the filmmakers do some little damage, than interpreting the fiscal offices of Devil and Dame. Bedtime pillow-fighting without a fire grounding in realism, there is only escapism like the first of its genre, *An Unmarried Woman*, these films set out to make statements only to retreat to cliché.

Almost 100 years ago, Oscar Wilde said: “The 20th-century critics of realism in Gothic's rage at seeing his own face in the glass.” The 19th-century dislike of romanticism in Gothic's rage at not seeing his own face in the glass.<sup>2</sup>

The material comedies seem to have harvested the moister. If audiences are unwilling to face the bitter truths of the breakdowns of relationships, they are also unwilling to accept hollow romantic conventions. And if Hollywood is only going in go halfway, Friday nights are better spent waiting up for *Couleur*, *Couleur* on the late show. □

## Music

# La Stupenda sings again

**S**he arrived on the stage, impertinent, all 61 years of her, wearing a shocking pink gown which followed above silver lame heels. Jewels hung from her glittering. And then she opened her mouth. The first notes sailed into the air, soared to the extreme reaches of the hall, then bone-crangled all the way back. It was big. It was beautiful. It was only the beginning. One didn't know whether it was fast, prig, drollish or tear out one's hair. Nilsson had returned.

Certainly the concert of the decade, if not a candidate for induction among the century's great musical events, the Birgit Nilsson gala at O'Keefe Centre on Oct. 20 marked the soprano's return to the North American stage after a four-year absence. Toronto, through the Canadian Opera Company, got her first, while in New York the Metropolitan Opera waited, raffled. The Swedish singer, the foremost Wagnerian soprano of our time and known also for her hair-raising performances of Sibylles, Elektra and Tosca, had created a vocal sensation at age when most people consider themselves lucky enough to be able to sing.

She began with Bruckner's Immaculate Source from Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, which for a high jumper is tantamount to leaping at seven feet. The expectant audience was comprised of fanatic and famer. The \$25 ticket was \$25. Nilsson delivered. This was the voice Wagner had written for already and it was right. She sang in the middle range and ringing out notes at the top. She may not hold the high notes as long as she used to, but she hits them dead on—and translates them with singular precision. Backing her, the huge—but impermeable—Toronto orchestra was lost, she stood there listening at the end to the cymbals crashing, smiling a vengeful smile, knowing she had made them sound like triangles.

As she moved from one note to another in *Dick Low's* half from Wagner's *Tannhäuser* her swoops were as big as tidal waves. Nilsson, in her Wagnerian repertoire, turns singing into an Olympic sport. And to think she just stood there, as immobile as the sphinx, making no strenuous effort, no heaving breaths, no great intakes of breath, no exhalations, merely an occasional flick of the lips. Riling up. Her technique is so superb that there's an illusion of absolutely no effort whatsoever expended.

Not since the 63-year-old Lilli Lehmann recorded Mozart's pantomime *Martens* solo orders in 1907 has the like ever been made available to the ear. How does Nilsson do it? Well, as she herself has said, “I never sing on my capital, just the interests.”

None of this would matter in the hands of most of those in the taupe room, especially the International Society, but not so, as though the three box sets were somehow soldered to the heart. And to prove that she was not only the world's wisest and most wonderful singer of Wagner, Nilsson sat atop the Berliner repertory, proving herself La Stupenda. The first “pano” in *Vadat* Pace, pace.

Hilson of the O'Keefe's gala performance: scope, whoops to mask one's fail, or pray



woo Doo, from *La Force du Destin*, was enough to knock you flat—or—a whoop, a big whoop whose trajectory was similar to that of a ballistic missile.

For her encore Nilsson sang *Vain Fête* from Puccini's *Tosca* in a heart-rending dive, reaching as “I have for you” and in a fitting tribute to her. The woman is 61. Her voice is still magnificently sustained and mouthwatering, the sales of it seeming to have taken on weight and color in exchange for some deflection. Her laun—the definition has always

battered some people, the blue-flame quality of it has always seemed cold—perfect, but detached. No more.

After Nilsson's encore the Toronto audience, known in the past for its ability to resist hurricanes and earthquakes, was at her feet, begging for another—Snowbird, *Mezzo-Minna*, *Alecto*, anything, just one more long encore. Please. Is it not to be. Suddenly the memory of it all became more pregnant. Thriller—overwhelming, touching—all those things. And two sweet, inevitable words. The End.

Lawrence O'Toole



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